The Martlet

Volume 17 Number 24 2 March 1978

Ombudsman named for 3 month term

OMBUDSMAN PATRICIA BEATTY-GUENTER

By KEN SIMONS, Martlet Editor

The University of Victoria now has an ombudsman.

Patricia Beatty-Guenter, a sociology graduate student, was chosen from a field of 26 applicants for the experimental Alma Mater Society office. Her duties, which begin immediately, focus on aiding student appeals on academic matters. "A lot of the problems I see myself dealing with are bureaucratic ones—the organization here is so complex that students often don't know where they can find help," Beatty-Guenter told the **Martlet** Monday.

The office has come under fire from university departments since long before its inception. Among the most antagonistic was the president's office, where the fear had been voiced that the office would establish itself in a direct adversary relationship with the university administration.

Beatty-Guenter responded to these criticisms by reiterating that she sees her duty as serving students as a pivotal point between the various facets of the campus. "I don't see it as an active advocate's office. I would, however, represent students personally in sensitive situations."

"The ombudsman should be the one person to specialize in understanding the whole structure of the university."

Beatty-Guenter plans to keep students informed of her activities through a regular column in the **Martlet**. (The **Martlet** has agreed to this proposal, and the first column is expected next week—ed.) The column will be of the "Action Line" type, with Beatty-Guenter reporting on recent actions taken by her office.

The office is constituted as an independent arm of the Representative Assembly, with supervision and input from the AMS Ombudsman's Committee. Rob Dick, 1977-78 Academic Affairs Director and chairman of the selection committee, commented that "the new office should relieve the load on the other AMS executive offices that in the past have dealt with student complaints. It will consolidate the AMS's role in aiding students in trouble.

"The office will also be a stabilizing influence—it will be easier to keep continuity there than in, say the AMS president's office. In a way, it would be like the general manager's office in giving our operations continuity."

The committee for the coming year is still to be selected. New Academic Affiars Director Ben Webb will be ex-office chairman.

Beatty-Guenter says she expects to rely on the Ombudsman Committee for input on what her job consists of in the first few weeks. "I'll have to get a lot of guidance on what my frames of reference are for a while, before the office becomes institutionalized," she says. "For instance, what relationship does the office have to financial or personal problems? We'll have to find these things out together."

"I will also have to work on getting the support of the Senate and Board of Governors for the position."

As for the president's office, Beatty-Guenter says that "Dr. Petch has mellowed somewhat in his attitude to the position, as it should prove to be supportive rather than antagonistic to the university administration."

"I will be meeting with Dr. Petch on Wednesday."

This is Beatty-Guenter's second year as a graduate student at UVic. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree in Sociology from the University of Calgary.

The Ombudsman's office is located in the clubs room of the Student Union Building down the hall from the **Martlet** office and the pinball room. Office hours are to be announced.

No facility misuse -Petch

UVic President Howard Petch says that he is "almost certain" that no UVic facilities were used in independent research by biology professor Dr. Derek Ellis.

Ellis, who has his own consulting company in Victoria, is hired frequently for consultative work in his area of speciality: environmental studies and biology. He served as consultant on a UBC faculty team studying environmental impact for Island Copper Mines near Port Hardy in 1972.

President Petch said that some questions have been raised about the use of UVic facilities in the 1972 study in which Ellis was acting as an independent consultant. "As far as I can determine, Dr. Ellis has been very careful in keeping track of his work," Petch said, "From time to time they refer special problems to him in which he has a specific expertise such as the environment, and especially the biological impact. On the UBC study, he says he has kept track of expenses right down to the cost of pencils and paperclips. I am 98 per cent sure that the university has been compensated for use of its facilities, but I want to meet with Dr. Ellis over the matter."

Dr. Ellis said he would have no comment to make on the issue until he had presented his accounts to President Petch. "As far as I am concerned, there is no problem," he said.

A policy paper strongly discouraging the use of university facilities for personal projects by faculty members is being drawn up on the administration.

Camosun sold

The provincial government bought the Lansdowne Campus of Camosun College from UVic, education minister Pat McGeer announced Tuesday.

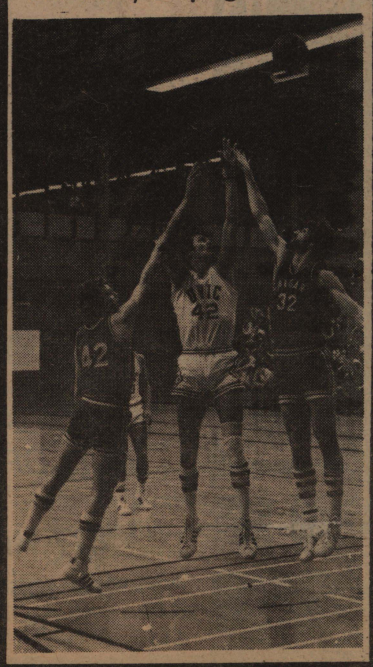
Lansdowne was the site of Victoria College and the University of Victoria prior to 1966. The university has retained title and up until last July leased the property and facilities to Camosun. For the past eight months, however, the college has had no legal control over its facilities or buildings.

"Students can still be believers and activists," Dave Connell, new AMS president, says in an interview with BERNARD FONG on page 7.

Martlet Magazine features a story by Bill Kinsella in this week's centrespread, pp. 10 and 11.

World military expenditure is now approaching $400 billion a year. FRASER HOMER-DIXON looks into it on page 12.

The Vikings and Vikettes both captured CWUAA titles over the weekend. See story on page 13.



NOTICEBOARD

For sale: a Foch Skimmer, never used. Will take offers or will trade for aluminum boat. Phone 477-5565. f

Whitewater Kayakers: pool time, Sunday evenings, 5:00-6:30. Will run to April if enough interest, bring equipment if you have it. Nominal fee to pay the guard will be asked. For information call 595-6573. f

German conversation or tutoring, translations or scripts or letters. Phone 592-9872 f

For sale: Sears Digi-matic D-8 portable electronic calculator. Rechargable battery with AC adapter, convenient memory exchange key as well as all scientific functions. Excellent condition, price negotiable. Call Jeff at 477-1423, may be seen at Craighdarroch Res. David Thompson Hall, room 308. f

Professor Peter Royle will talk on "Sartrian Ethics" on March 6 at 10:30 a.m. in Cle 201. On March 8th he will give a talk entitled "Albert Camus' THE PLAGUE, confronted with Sartrian Philosophy" at 12:30 in Cle. 303. f

International Women's Day celebration, March 8th at noon hour in Eaton's Courtyard. Sining, Puppet show, speakers and Aikido demonstration. Everyone welcome. ff

Women's Dance, Friday March 10th at 9:00 p.m. Norway House 1110 Hillside, there will be a live D.J. and bar service. All women are welcome, minimal charge at the door. f

UVic NDP presents PUB night. Games, food, music, on Sat. March 4, 8 p.m. Everyone welcome. f

'Celebration Women'—an open invitation to all to celebrate International Woman's Day on March 8, Wed, 12:30 to 3:30 in East-West Lounge of SUB. Free entertainment and refreshments. f

Larry Tickner, Socialist Party candidate for Oak Bay will speak on Fri. March 3, at 12:30 in SUB east west lounge. f

Wanted: L.D. Wright's Psych 300 stats text AND workbook. Please call 385-4794, ask for Liz. f

Free film Tues. Mar 7, 12:30 p.m., SUB theatre, 'To the People of the World', Chile since the 1973 coup. f

The Environment Club is sponsoring a Campus clean-up day on Tues. Mar. 7th. Garbage bags may be picked up and deposited infront of the library from 10:30 to 3:30. An award will be given to the department, club, or group that collects the greatest number of bags. Individuals are also encouraged to participate. f

For sale: low fire electric kiln.. Suitable for bisque, cone 05-06 glazes and lustres.. Asking $120. Also, man's reversible size 40 leather/suede jacket, dark brown, brand new. Paid $170, asking $135. Call evenings after 6:00, 595-8902. f

For sale: 1971 Datsun 510, good mileage, fair condition. Ideal for students, economical and house broken. Open to reasonable offers, contact Don Grant Lansdowne Res. E 301 for information. f

Must sell one modern couch bought brand new in October. Also four wooden unfinished bar stools. All offers considered, phone 477-5331 after 6. f

Photo Club will meet Tues. Mar 7, 3:30 p.m. in SUB upper lounge. We are now doing colour printing so come out and give it a try. f

Baptist Student Union Focus on Tues. Mar 7, 7:30-9:30 in SUB east west lounge. Topic: Anxiety. Bible study on Sun. Mar 12, 9:30-10:30 Clearihue 203. Anybody welcome. f

For sale: '65 Volvo 122S.. Excellent running condition, good interior, new radials, stereo. Want offers. Phone 382-1668. f

Ticket (by air) one-way Vancouver-Stockholm (over London or Amsterdam) before March 29, $200, O.B.O. Call Anders at 721-3329 or Local 4821. f

Frank Zappa Fans! A real steal. "200 Motels" LP (double album) for only $3. Brand new! Also, must sell, AM/FM radio-8 track stereo, $80 or best offer. Two very good 14" snow tires on Chev rims, $40. Phone 382-0831. f

Dr. Werner Israel, Univ. of Alberta will speak on "Black Holes" on Thurs. March 9, at 12:30 p.m. in Elliott 168. f

Missing: small tortoiseshell female cat, in Jubilee-Fort-Oak Bay junction area, since Feb. 14. Has white paws, cheeks, chin, throat and tummy, and is sometimes too friendly for her own good. Please call 595-6573 evenings, if you know of her whereabouts. f

Female grad student seeking summer accommodation (May-August or part thereof). Will caretake, sublease or sublet furnished house or suite. Will care for animals if necessary. Excellent references, rent negotiable, please call Joan at 595-0848 if interested. f

Interested in beginner sailing lessons? 6 hours instruction for $12. Phone 592-6281. f

For sale: 1972 Honda 350, very good condition, just tuned. 17,000 miles, $500. 592-4872, 9-11 am Friday. f

For sale: 1 pair size 6 white Noridca "Lady Elite" ski boots, with boot press. Worth $140, and only used one weekend. 1 pair size 6 black Reiker boots. 1 pair almost new ski poles. Call June at 477-9131. f

I need someone to play badminton with over this next weekend or the following week. If you are interested and want a hard game please call 385-6254 or contact the Martlet by leaving a note with your name and number in the Entertainment box. f

Le Club Canadien-Francais de Victoria presents Francine McGee in "Salut Je T'aime" on March 10 at the Oak Bay Senior Citizens Centre, 1442 Monterey. Students, OAP: $3.50. f

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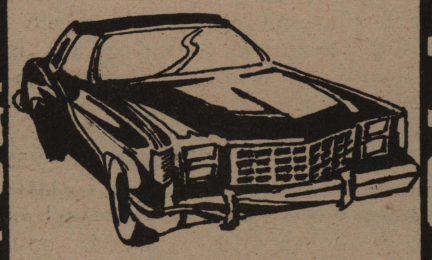

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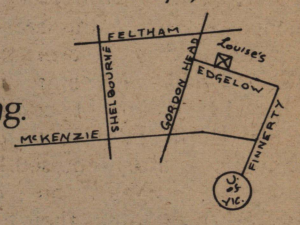

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NEWS

Student senate caucus explains

By DONNA LIVINGSTONE, Martlet City Editor

As elections get underway for student representatives on the Senate and Board of Governors, several student Senators from this year discussed their term of office and their opinions about the role of Senate.

"Senate seemed to me to be the most interesting body when I ran," said Chris Main, "I had been shooting my mouth off to friends about getting involved in student affairs, and they told me to put my money where my mouth was. Senate interested me especially because it deals with academic affairs."

Senate decides on such issues as new courses, exams, establishment of faculties or departments, rules of the library, appeals of marks and general academic standards.

Most student Senators find that Senate meetings and committees do not conflict with their course loads. Student senators representing full-time students are expected to maintain their full-time status during office.

For the most part, Senate is busier during the first part of the year when the various committees such as academic standards and teaching and learning are active in working out academic politics and proposals.

Student Senator Bob Thompson says that Senate is like any big organization. "There are the nit-pickers and there are the people who really care," he said. Thompson added that a Senator's effectiveness depends on the amount of time he or she wants to devote to Senate.

Chris Main agreed on the general effectiveness of Senate. "Senate is slow-moving because it takes most things into consideration, but when it does move, it comes down like a ton of bricks."

Student senators meet in caucus on the Monday before the monthly Senate meeting to air out any problems and to go over the agenda. Chairman of the caucus this year is R.C. (Tino) di Bella. "The student Senators come from different roles in the university and from different levels of academic achievement," he said, "The caucus helps us to hammer out different ideas and to get organized for Senate meetings."

"I think the caucus wasn't at all effective this year," said Susan Soper, "Attendance was bad. We were getting together to discuss things on the docket, but when you only have four people showing up for caucus, it's a bit dicey."

Soper saw a need for greater student Senator exchange of information from Senate committees, where, she says, most of the actual work of Senate is done.

Student senators can be effective in providing a bloc vote on key issues. "If an issue is going to be a tight vote, then the student bloc vote can decide one way or the other," said Chris Main. In some cases, the decision to make a bloc vote is made at the caucus meetings. "At caucus meetings everyone gets along fine," says Main, "When you get into the Senate meetings, though, you start to forget everyone else and vote as an elected official. I'm as much to blame as anyone else."

Bob Thompson said that there is a group of student senators who usually vote together on major issues and who are identified with Students United for Action (SUFA). SUFA ran candidates for Senate positions, but on a more low-key campaign than for the AMS.

Student Senators have no organized system of feedback from or to students, and senators are mainly responsive to appeals from students on an individual basis. "We don't know what students want, there is no contact," said Susan Soper, "The vast majority of students don't know Student Senators exist, never mind what we do."

Student Senators may be contacted through their mailboxes near the General Office of the SUB, or at caucus or Senate meetings, both of which are open to the public. Senate meetings are held regularly on the first Wednesday of every month at 7:30 p.m. in the meeting room of the University Centre.

All student senators agreed that their term of office was in interesting and enjoyable experience and provided them with new insight into student and university affairs. Three senators, Mark Shaw, Tino di Bella and Saverio Colantonio, indicated that they would be running for Senate this year as well.

Industrialist beats activist

Newly-elected University of British Columbia (UBC) chancellor J.V. Clyne said Monday he has only a superficial knowledge of university and education issues.

Socialist Stan Persky, who lost the election with 4275 votes to Clyne's 10,359, said he is not finished with UBC politics.

"I intend to be either chancellor or president of UBC," Persky said.

"In the meantime I will continue teaching."

Persky, a former UBC student activist, is now a sociology teacher at Northwest Community College in Terrace. Clyne is a former chief executive officer of Macmillan Bloedel.

Clyne said he is honored to be elected chancellor. "I am looking forward to working on the Board and Senate."

He said UBC was "damn good" when he graduated with an arts degree in 1923 and that he still has a high regard for the university's educational standards.

Clyne denied he would use his business contacts to help bring financial aid to the university. When the UBC Alumni Association nominated Clyne for the chancellorship, members of the alumni executive said his contacts could help the university financially in a time of cutbacks in educational spending. "I don't think that is the purpose of the chancellorship," Clyne said.

Clyne, 75, a former Supreme Court judge, refused to campaign for the position, but Persky worked hard on his campaign, calling for revolutionary changes in the organization of the university. He demanded greater involvement in UBC's serving of the community and proposed a scheme to help students finance their education.

[*Reprinted from the Ubyssey*].

Admin school sells management skills

A marketing agency bringing together UVic research resources on public policy matters is being set up by the school of public administration.

"What we have planned is an umbrella role for the school of public administration" said Dr. Jim Cutt, acting director for the school of public administration. "The centre will be oriented to public sector problems and we hope to bring a team approach to research these issues."

Cutt is presently organizing an inventory pamphlet outlining the research resources available at UVic. He then plans to approach government departments with the pamphlet, soliciting research funds for studies in such areas as labour relations, government regulations, inflation and unemployment.

Cutt made it clear that the centre would not be a money-making operation. "The government departments would be funding research studies, possibly in the form of grants. The university would retain control of the research. I would be very reluctant to have restraints put on what we could or could not publish or research."

Cutt said that students would be involved as research assistants, but that the centre would primarily be a way of handling faculty research.

"The centre would serve as a framework for proposed research. We have a big box and we are putting things into it. We have a couple of research projects already.

"I think the idea is new in British Columbia" Cutt said, "It would make the university better, not bigger. It will serve to attract more faculty to the various departments and schools participating in the centre."

UVic shows off

The University of Victoria is holding an Open House March 11 and 12, and, according to Open House '78 Committee Chairman Floyd Fairclough, it's going to be quite a show.

An estimated 20,000 visitors from Vancouver Island and the mainland will be touring the campus, viewing various displays by each department.

"Everyone is invited," says Fairclough, "and there is quite a lot to see."

Included in the program are various picture and slide presentations, and displays and demonstrations by the various departments in their respective buildings.

Special events will also highlight the weekend. The theatre department is presenting two plays in Q hut, and a "chem show" will be put on in the Elliot Building.

The McKinnon Gym will be open for everyone to participate in swimming, squash and weight-lifting activities. Fitness testing, Martial Arts demonstrations, scuba diving and dance will be presented. Archie McKinnon, for whom the complex was named, will be on hand to greet visitors to the facility.

The residences will be open for viewing and student-made movies will be shown. The famed Lansdowne kite will be flown both days, weather permitting.

The University Centre will be housing various displays, with the Counselling Centre, Financial Aid, and Admissions, among others, available to answer questions concerning the university.

In the SUB, CUSO (Canadian University Services Overseas) will have an information display with photographs and slides, in the lobby adjacent to the east-west lounge.

Open House '78 is certainly more spectacular than previous presentations to the public.

The first Open House was held in 1962 when "the only thing we had to show were artist's drawings of the buildings." The Clearihue and Elliot Buildings, the Library and the Student Union Building, were all in picture form in the Old Gym, along with a general layout of the campus. The program also included a sod-turning ceremony. "There was not much to see but land back then."

Since then, there have been several Open Houses, the most recent being held in 1974. But Open House '78 is a special occasion, as it is one in a series of celebrations marking the 75th anniversary of the first class taught at what was then Victoria College.

A large number of student volunteers will be acting as tour guides around the university and the double-decker buses will be on hand to transport people about campus.

Everyone is invited, and this is an excellent opportunity for students themselves to get out and see what the university has to offer.

Says Fairclough, "This will be the biggest show to hit Vancouver Island since the military tatoo in 1967."

Last chance for Japan

Last deadline for applications for the UVic-Keio University exchange program is Friday, March 3. Applications should be directed to Dave Connell, AMS president, in the Student Union Building.

Keio University, in downtown Tokyo, has cooperated in a student exchange program with UVic for the last five years. The student unions of the two universities each underwrite the costs of tuition and living expenses for one student each year.

LARRY TICKNER

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CANDIDATE FOR OAK BAY

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SUB EAST-WEST LOUNGE

Thinking of Teaching?

The University of Victoria is offering a Secondary Internship Teacher Programme.

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PROGRAMME

Academically admissible candidates will be interviewed by University and participating School District Personnel in early May. Selected candidates will then attend a week's orientation in their school district in late May, attend UVic for July and August course work, train in their school district from September 1978 to April, 1979, and complete their academic work on UVic campus during May-June, 1979. Successful candidates are then recommended for a Teaching Certificate.

FINANCIAL AID

Interns will be eligible for existing student aid as administered by the University's Financial Aid Office. Some financial assistance in the summer months is anticipated. In addition school districts will provide a stipend to Interns during their 8-month residency.

TO APPLY

For detailed information and application forms, phone 477-6911 extension 6636 or write immediately to:

The Co-ordinator,
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University of Victoria,
P.O. box 1700,
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APPLICATIONS POST-MARKED AFTER MIDNIGHT MARCH 31, 1978 WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

NEWS

Barrett blasts again

By GENE JAMIESON, Martlet Staff

"I'm not talking down with the capitalist system, I'm talking cold hard realities." That was social worker turned New Democratic Party leader, Dave Barrett, speaking on the trouble Canadian economy last week at the SUB theatre.

Talking to a predominantly pro-NDP standing room only audience, Barrett vowed at the outset of his campaign-like speech, "to make us really think for once."

Barrett started off by accusing the provincial and federal governments of being "impotent" towards the practises of International Nickel (INCO) and MacMillan Blodell. "INCO receives subsidies from our government and then takes their profits down to Guatemala. Then when their limited market gets a little tight, they cut back on their domestic operations because it's politically more acceptable to do so in Canada. And you're such nice, quiet people, you let this happen to you!"

MacMillan Bloedell's proposed closure of Vancouver Plywood, and the subsequent loss of 700 jobs is, according to Barrett, another example of the "banana republic mentality" of Canadians and the branch plant economy of Canda.

"We have to have the guts to move in on INCO and MacMillan. We've never had a government who has had the guts to be masters in our own house," Barrett added.

He continued by stating that "we have been told that our government can't do anything. But what about what we did when we were in power?"

"We bought Can Save and Plateau Mills. We got Plateau for $40 million and now it's worth over $600 million," Barrett stated. "Now the Socreds are setting up a way to sell off those two. Only a government of used car dealers could do something like that."

Barrett stated that this apparent confidence in the private sector to bring us out of our economic problems is unfounded. "The private sector is no longer in the position to boost the economy. That initiative has to be taken up by government or at least in a joint venture with the private sector."

Barrett also warned against international abuse of non-renewable resources. "Over 90 per cent of our oil and gas is owned by inernational companies. Japan is also investing heavily into our coal. We're the last banana republic."

To lessen our reliance on foreign countries, Barrett proposed development of secondary industries that make the most of the situation. "We have to accept the fact that Japan is taking a lot of our coal right now. So what we do is slap another buck or two on the price per ton and then force Japan's hand a bit on how they get the coal. We have to tell them that half the coal has to be transported in Canadian ships, built with Canadian steel, and manned by Canadian sailors. Even a facist dictatorship like Brazil's able to get a deal like that."

At the same time Barrett criticised Premier Bill Bennett for his apparent support of free trade. "That is more dangerous to lasting sovereignty than any separatist."

Prime Minister Trudeau didn't escape Barrett's criticism either. "Trudeau tells us to tighten our belts, our expectations are too high. But who made our expectations too high. Trudeau said in his last campaign that 'the country is strong'. Maybe he was talking about Ontario cheese. Now he and the premiers are going abroad **begging** for money. In all my experiences as a social worker I never even had a welfare recipient **beg** for money."

Barrett also questioned the government's and Country's preoccupation with the constitution. "The provinces have the power now to make an effective economic policy for themselves. That's all they need the power for now. The constitutional crisis is a fraud developed to keep our minds off the economic realities of this country."

Barrett made the most of the large supportive audience by introducing "THE PILOT FOR Oak Bay", the NDP candidate for that riding, Bennett eqevhpmkhhvaragraph, left out a crucial word

Barrett made the most of the large supportive audience by introducing the "kamikaze pilot for Oak Bay," the NDP candidate for that riding, Bennett Camp. Barrett sees the up coming by-election to fill Scott-Wallace's seat as a race to see "who can get further to the right than Ghengis Kahn's grandfather."

The opposition leader left his audience in true campaign style by asking them if they had the guts to demand leadership. "What the hell are YOU going to do?"

Big classes eye Centre auditorium

Students may be facing course sections next year of 500 to 1000 students.

The feasibility of using the 1000-seat University Centre auditorium for large course sections was discussed three weeks ago by University Centre management and groups using MacLaurin 144.

According to the Centre's scheduling officer, Ron Stevens, the meeting reached consensus that the auditorium is in no shape right now for effective evaluation for its use by large courses. No sections have been planned for the auditorium yet.

The Alma Mater Society (AMS) has taken strong exception to the possiblility of course sections with 500 students. The Representative Assembly of the AMS passed a motion last Sunday opposing the use of the auditorium if it would mean increasing the already large class sizes in some courses.

Dr. G. Hobson, chairperson of the Psychology Department, which has large course sections, says his department would consider using the auditorium if it could be shown that students could be effectively communicated with, through features such as a good sound system.

Hobson added that it is a little premature to discuss the possibilities of using the facility, when the facility isn't even completed.

Director of Student and Ancillary Services Ted Sawchuk confirmed that no commitment has been made yet by anyone. "We're still in the feasibility determining stages now, and frankly, as a teacher, I don't see the prospects of 500 students in a class being feasable," Sawchuk said.

The only firm plans for the auditorium involve music courses. Sawchuk says that orchestra rehearsals and choral groups from the music faculty are planning to use the facility next year.

"I think the only feasible way course sections could use the facility is by having periodic special lectures that all sections of a course can attend. That would not only help the students but it would save the profs the prospect of facing 500 people in a lecture," Sawchuk said.

COMMENT

A Woman's Place

by the women's action group

Advertising affects the way we view male and female roles in our society. This has been recognized by the advertising industry and has resulted in explicit exploitation. Women are cast into the stereotype roles of mother and wife, appearing in commercials set predominantly in the bathroom or kitchen. Men are cast in authoritative roles, against a variety of settings, and representing differing occupations.

Moreover, women are portrayed as being competitive with each other (whose wash is cleaner, whose pie crust flakier?); as being neurotic about cleanliness (spraying the house from top to bottom with Lye-soul); and as pre-occupied with their appearance rather than with social or individual matters. (One memorable lapse of taste stands out—an ad for hair dye, in which a narcissist purrs—"I'm worth it...aren't you?") Men, on the other hand, are seen as older, wiser and more authoritative. They are often directing women in their choices of detergent or coffee: ("Mrs. Doe, I'm going to take your Brand X coffee away from you for a week." "Oh, no!") or to inform women (as in the Pepsi ads), of the error of their ways.

Advertising of this sort is not keeping pace with the changing roles of men and women in our society, and may, in fact, be helping to maintain the status quo. If you are irritated and insulted by the advertising you are subjected to, there are ways in which you can control its content. Since advertising industries measure the impact of their commercials by economic standards (ie: profits), a simple and effective way to restrain these offensive and blatently sexist ads, is to stop buying the product being pushed. As well, letters to the industry responsible in protest to such offensive portrayals will draw attention to the problem.

Open Column

By Garth Spencer

Jacob committed a gaucherie at the office. He had been hanging around there rather frequently, largely because he wanted to get to know one of the secretaries better. In an attempt to attract some interest he had started addressing her by saying, "Hi, beautiful." He didn't know he was giving offense until he was told frigidly, "My name is not 'beautiful'."

Jacob wasn't completely insensitive. In fact he overreacted. He was so embarrassed he avoided the place for the rest of the day. For several hours he was furious at himself for the way he acted. Jacob had a clear idea of what a male chauvinist was, and he was disgusted to find himself playing the role.

He asked himself why he had acted that way. He was reasonably intelligent, not ignorant, and usually courteous. So why had he acted like one of the lower-grade jocks from the Sports Palace trying to pick up a date?

On thinking it over, his choice of words didn't seem like an unforgivable sin so much as a predictable thing for a man to say. Some women would object to it and some wouldn't. What he said wasn't as bad as the nest of assumptions and customs that lay behind it, which showed up in little things like words and actions.

Jacob was a fairly liberated male. He was actually capable of seeing human beings as human beings., if he worked at it. But the place and the time he lived in, and the society of people he lived with, didn't encourage this. By way of analogy, he was trying seriously to learn French, and he was not bad at it; but as long as he lived in an anglophone city, French would remain a foreign tongue. His courtesy showed up in things like opening doors for women, and paying them compliments for their looks, and just because he was a male this had to have an air of condescension.

Jacob could apply for a bursary and take an immersion course in French, in a francophone city. At some point in that course he would have to choose to orient himself in French rather than English. But there was no place he could go where he could escape the mild, but incessant pressure to regard women as his inferiors. So there was no way he or any other man was going to be forced to change his orientation.

All that was too complicated to say to the secretary, though, so he just let the matter lie.

Little Red Writing Hood

Some amazing things come through the mail to this office. For instance, I bet you didn't know that there actually is a magazine called **La Belle Colombie Britannique**. Neither did I. Seems now all the people in Trois-Rivieres and Sept-Iles will be able to read about Gracie McCarthy's glorification of the late and unlamented Captain James Cook. For those who haven't been reading the papers, Mr. Cook was responsible for not only "discovering" B.C., but also for spreading VD across the civilized world.

* * *

So Bennett the Younger might just take his old man's lead after all and call an election, barely three years after the last one, just to make the NDP shut up. Don't expect it though. His multifarious advisors will doubtless remind him that the NDP doesn't shut up.

* * *

Speaking as we were earlier about Captain Cook, do you know why the Hawaiians killed him? Well, it seems that, good capitalist as he was, he tried ripping off their sacred statuary. Sort of like stealing crosses and altars from the Church of England. Oh well, he at least showed good capitalist initiative. A wonderful culture hero.

* * *

Come brothers and sisters,
sing revolutionary songs,
because we are Marxists
they don't have to rhyme,
in fact, if they did,
you would be in big trouble,

-David Climenhaga, 1976.

Talk is Cheap

By Liz Senez

After Friday the 24th, it became a certain reality that becoming aware is not quite everyone's priority. About 30 people showed up to share an evening rap with Guru Raj Singh, editor of **New Directions** magazine and key organizer for the Humanity Foundation. Meanwhile, mothers, brothers and dads flashed veiled glances toward the *Spectrum on Awareness* ticket booth as they hurried past into the *Godspell* theatre. Moments later, several lean, awkward boys paused to read the sign, but quickly shuttled off to the SUB Pub entrance. About this time, Guru Raj was ushered in to his waiting audience and the doors to the east-west lounge closed.

The mood within the lounge was subdued, especially in contrast with the shrill musical shouts from the *Godspell* cast in the neighboring theatre. But soon all external sounds wove together to create a warm internal space, a feeling of shelter and a timid, but genuine sharing of energy.

Guru Raj Singh talked about the Humanity Foundation, led some yoga, after which discussion followed and a muscle test, based on the power of positive and negative thinking, was demonstrated. The evening finished with meditation, delicious tea and cookies.

It was a pleasant evening, perhaps overpriced at three dollars a ticket for non-students. If the tickets had been cheaper would the interest have been greater? This question will certainly be answered by the attendance to the free Thursday noon-hour lectures that started today.

First to come to the SUB as part of the new Thursday series is Margaret Marsh, an ex-medical doctor who believes in natural healing methods. For an hour at noon, and then in greater depth at an evening workshop, she will acquaint interested people with preventative medicine, and in particular with the practical technique of using the pendulum for indicating health strengths and weaknesses.

People who might have heard of "healing arts" without knowing exactly what the term means, or who have heard the password 'holistic' and concluded that a secret cult must lie beyond are, nonetheless sure to enjoy every lecture. And those persons a little familiar with some branch of the healing arts stand only to gain both in entertainment and knowledge from these lectures. Its' all food for thought, food for awareness, and definitely food for fun.

As people will probably discover when Jim Greene comes to talk, one cannot even peripherally involve oneself in the healing arts without merriment and diversion, and of course, experiencing the proverbial educational exverience.

How will ex-Wallace voters vote?

By HUGH MACDONALD, Special to the Martlet

After much fanfare, the Socreds have finally finished their own mini-version of the coming Oak Bay by-election. Now that we know who will be running for all the parties, it's time to begin ruminating about who may win, who may lose, and whether there really is room for two "middle of the road" parties in B.C. If you listen to Frank Carson, a true Socred's Socred, this election is simply an N.D.P./Socred fight.

Vic Stephens says that he is the man Carson should fear. I think it's too early for either to be making such definite remarks, and they should be best seen as opening salvos. Oak Bay is far from a sure thing for any candidate, and the outcome is no where near as predictable as it was when Scott Wallace held the seat.

To my mind, the critical considerations to be taken into account when thinking about the result are firstly just how much of the Conservative vote was a vote for Wallace the man, and secondly, how the new voters in the forgotten part of the riding, Gordon Head, will vote. Local issues will not be of pressing concern. Only the candidacy of Brian Smith would have brought them into perspective. Nor does any candidate have the personal weight of a Scott Wallace. Vic Stephens is a party leader, but has been parachuted into the riding. Carson is a Socred from the classic mold. Wealthy and a former car dealer, he is said to have the support of Wacky Bennett. Graham Ross-Smith may perform well but as a political novice he will have much to learn. Bennett Camp is a business man which means he won't be as shrill as some New Democrats, but his presence in the legislature would not appreciably change the approach of his party. As for Larry Tickner, well, he deserves mention, and he just got it. Provincial issues and how the non-Conservative Wallace voters and the new voters see them, are the key to understanding this election. To make matters simpler, will they vote Socred or for one of the opposition parties?

Trying to decide how former Wallace voters will vote this time is going to be the main topic of conversation at many

[*continued on page 19*]

DEPARTMENTAL DIRECTORY

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Students are reminded that scholarships listed in Section 5 in the back of the UVic Calendar under 'Awards and Financial Aid' require an application to be completed by April 30th, 1978. Normally you should wait until the new Calendar is available during the month of March, before applying.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

DEGREE RECITALS IN MARCH
8p.m. Mac 144

Jane MacKenzie, soprano Linda Gould, piano George Kereluk, bassoon Claude McLean, piano Annabelle Vitek, harp Arne Sahlen, piano	Fri. Mar. 3 Wed. Mar. 8 Fri. Mar. 17 Wed. Mar. 22 Wed. Mar. 29 Fri. Mar. 31

FLUTE RECITAL
Sally Harvey, flute, with Edward Norman, piano & Alice Benjamin, bassoon — Sat. Mar. 4 — 8:00 pm Mac 144

UBC PIANO TRIO
Music by Beethoven & Ravel — Fri. Mar. 10 — 12:30 pm Mac 144

UVIC SONIC LAB
New Music — Fri. Mar. 10 — 8:00 pm Mac 144

NEW MUSIC CONCERT IV
Thur. Mar. 16 — 8:00 pm Art Gallery

STUDENT FLUTE RECITAL
Richard Volet, flute — Sat. Mar. 18 — 8:00 pm Mac 144

RUSSIAN MUSIC
Special student concert — Sun. Mar. 19 — 8:00 pm Mac 144

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Drop in on the Writing Clinic (Cle C327)

SECOND YEAR AND ABOVE:

If you are taking an English course, see your instructor

If you are taking no English courses, bring your marked essays to the Writing Clinic (Cle C327) for help with writing errors or organizational difficulties in essays

INSTRUCTORS IN ANY DEPARTMENT:

You may send poorly-written essays directly to the Writing Clinic, Department of English, where students can retrieve them and seek help.

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Application to the Director, Child Care Programme, must be completed prior to March 31, 1978

1978 Graduating Class Dance Featuring

Entrance Entrance Entrance

SUB UPPER LOUNGE 9-1am
Sat. March 4, 1978

FEATURE

New pres Connell speaks out on role of students

By BERNARD FONG, Martlet Staff

UVic AMS president elect Dave Connell has been a staunch activist both inside and outside the university. Because of his personal efforts, the university was pressured into expanding library hours. Besides his on-campus concerns, he has managed to find time for other causes, such as the struggle of the handicapped to get adequate government funding.

University is an insular institution, and what goes on inside this capsule often escapes the notice of the public which sponsors the campus's very existence. To overcome this lack of communication, Dave Connell has invited Cable 10 television to broadcast regular programs from the university. "This idea has just gone past the incipient stage, but we hope that this will lead to a continual exchange between the university and the public. It is vital, I believe, to fill in the vacuum of information. It is important to develop a rapport, a sense of a united community, between students and other citizens."

Martlet: In contrast to the wide-spread radicalism of a decade ago, university students have turned away from commitments which tax their energy and conscience. You are an exception, a rare exception. But do you agree with this negative assessment of students? Are the majority of the students cynical and aloof to larger causes than themselves?

Connell: University is not strictly a place for self-aggrandizing. There are many people here on campus willing to do anything they can to help others. Of course some give only lip service. But we must realize too that students are very busy people. They will sign petitions but they can't afford the time to carry placards, even though active protest is more effective. One of the reasons why students are reluctant to commit themselves to social causes is that they do not know the extent of their collective power. They have little idea of the amount of strength they possess if they only can exercise the weight of their numbers. Imagine six thousand, imagine seven thousand intelligent critics of the government demonstrating at the front of the parliament building this afternoon. Imagine the news coverage. Imagine the repercusion this would have on the governing bureaucrats. But such a concerted effort cannot be realised until students know their power. Since coming to office, I've had names of many students who have volunteered to donate their time for the good of the community. I've had people coming to me from the gym, from the library, from everywhere on campus. I am touched because students, at least many of them, do care, and I am sure that there are more who will show how much they care.

Students can still be believers and activists. Government, however stubborn, is not a stone; it, too, can be shaped and remodelled. If we're adament in our demand for change, change will come, and come soon. Don't think students are a bunch of cretins or idiots. They are learning and they are smart. If students' interest does not differ from society's interest—and I say it doesn't—then any coherent effort by students to elicit change would include a change for the improvement of the rest of society.

Martlet: Are you still working with the handicapped citizens? If you are, what can this type of extra-curricular involvement really do for those students who wish to volunteer their service to the community?

Connell: I am still working with the handicapped, yes, but I am also trying to get other students involved. We must work together to get things changed.It is a responsibility of ours, too, to offer our knowledge and guidance to those dependent on government charity and unable to help themselves. It is a moral responsibility, one which as humans we cannot neglect. Students are crying for jobs, careers, anything, but crying is not enough. To protest for themselves, those students must realise they alone cannot change much of anything. But when students are united with others in voicing their discontent, then the pressure places weight on the government to act. We can't be too radical because of the nature of the present government. We have to be reasonable and moderate; we can't expect all to come at once.

Martlet: Students have often complained about the lack of issues on campus, and you do not agree with this. But what are the big issues which are important enough to deserve students' attentioon? Besides trivia, there just does not seem to be enough impetus for students to act as a unit.

Connell: There are many concrete issues which must be dealt with on campus. I know a lot of people who have continued to lament about the total lack of events in university. They'll tell you how much they care but they can't see any crisis or problem which is significant enough to demand their active participation. But there are issues right here, right before their eyes. All in all the majority of the students do know what has to be done and how.

There is the question of the level of university education we've been receiving. Are we getting the best possible? Are we and the public getting top performance from the machine we've paid to maintain and expand? These are very relevant topics because such an issue involves both the students and the public.

Martlet: Most students think they are helpless when confronted with difficult professors. And until recently professors of this university have been immune to direct criticism. If certain students

[continued on page 9]

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NEWS

Labour Council stands firm

Victoria alderman and labour leader Larry Ryan met Tuesday with city manager Jim Bramley in an effort to resolve the city-union split on the issue of student hiring.

CUPE Locals 50 and 388, representing the municipaltiy's outside and inside workers, had earlier expressed their opposition to any summer program that paid students less than union scale while union members were being laid off. A total of 19 regular workers have been let go in the past year.

Local 50 president Jim Walker stated that his local's stand was in line with established CUPE national policy. Better co-ordination with other Victoria area CUPE Locals, he added, would probably make the summer job program in Saanich unlikely as well.

Alderman Ryan reported no progress in his meeting with the city official, but noted that the issue would be brought to the Wednesday meeting of the Victoria Labour Council.

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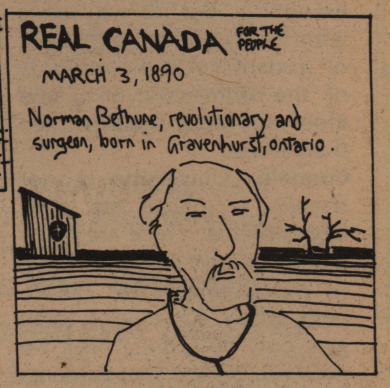

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The Campus Shop would like to note a correction on the prices of sweaters as follows:

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BOOKS

Mild nationalist strikes back

By DARYL MCLOUGHLIN, Special to the Martlet

What Is Happening To Canada?; Walter Gordon, McClelland & Stewart, pp. 63, $2.95.

Is Canada going to the dogs? Yes, if we can believe arch-nationalist and self-declared Keynesian Walter Gordon, but we call off the dogs by adopting policies piecemeal from Keynes and the patorn saint of American liberal economics, John Kenneth Galbraith. We must, he asserts, be imaginative.

Walter Gordon has offered remedy books before. And like the present short volume, they have always been marked by a fringe-Liberal wishy-washiness. His first remedy book, **Toubled Canada**, served as an unofficial campaign manifesto for the Liberals' 1963 federal campaign. **Option For Canada**, written in 1966, offered liberal remedies to the problem of Canadian economic dependency, and Gordon's 1975 oeuvre, **Storm Signals**, offered another cry of despair at his party's failure to heed the nationalist message.

There is a certain pathos in Walter Gordon's nationalist prescriptions, since he knows as well as anyone that his message will be heard, agreed with, and then consigned to obscurity. Walter Gordon's chosen party is the party of continentalism in Canada, and will likely never take even his mild economic nationalism seriously.

Gordon's solution to the dependency problem remains much the same as the one given in **Option For Canada**: make the largest American companies in Canada sell their branch-plants to Canadian investors, trusting in the greater nobility of Canadian capitalists. Canadian bosses, according to the liberal nationalists, will somehow make life better for Canadian working people. The "option" is a fully-developed Canadian captialism. Some choice!

Gordon has solutions to other Canadian economic problems as well. His none-too-original remedy for unemployment is massive pump-priming through grants like parks, subways and the like. A noble aim in itself, Gordon's plan to spend $3 billion or so in this way is hardly original. Long the position of liberal Keynesians, this fiscal policy was the basis of Galbraith's bestselling **The Affluent Society.**

Gordon, as I see it, does not zero in on the central Canadian economic malady—its lack of an integrated economy with sufficient secondary industry to prevent the chronic unemployment we suffer. Canada today is an anomaly, with an inflated resource sector, an underdeveloped manufacturing and processing sector and a rather large service sector. The result of this economic imbalance is unemployment and general vulnerability to downturns in the North American economy.

Gordon will be remembered as a sincere man, and perhaps as an influence on other, more effective Canadian nationalists. His approach to economic nationalism will be recalled as an only slightly mitigated failure.

CONNELL

....from 7

feel that they are not having fair instructors, what can they do to remedy this need?

Connell: The competence and attitude of many professors is debatable. Not all professors are the same. We cannot readily judge their performance objectively. It is almost impossible to grade professors according to their subjects, their teaching ability and so on. I am sure many, in fact most, professors are doing a good job. Some of them really try. But how hard can you try without getting discouraged if your students are irresponsive? How much patience do you have if you see that you're wasting your time with students who only care about getting through, barely?

Students with poor professors do suffer. Bad marking and unfair exams are major complaints which can be addressed to the president of the university for review; occasionally a professor can even be reprimanded. But an overall evaluation of professors is still best for ensuring a general level of understanding of professors' teaching performance in the course of an academic year.

We've attempted to provide an annual professor grading sheet but we don't know how effective this method is. Some students are hesitant to criticize their professors for fear of reprisals and other consequences. But I still believe a fair technique can somehow be worked out.

There is a conflict here for me. Personally I'm all in favor of job security for every working person, no matter if he is a miner, a lumberjack or a professor. The tenure system provides this security. But tenure is used far too often as a cover for an unproductive instructor who blocks out younger and more qualified Ph.Ds who could probably do a better job. Looking at the statistics of falling university enrollment and rising drop-out rates, we must wonder how university education can be changed to adapt to changing times. In the future, we should also watch out for the criticisms former students had of the academic system.

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MARTLET MAGAZINE

March2 — Number Seven

A PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN

(A Chapter from a Novel in Progress by Bill Kinsella)

It was Allan who suggested that we "get our ashes hauled." A typically English expression, I'm afraid, with no discernable intelligent meaning that I'm aware of. The first time he used it I asked him what it meant, and he looked at me the way people have been looking at me all my life—with that slow upward motion of the head and that imitation roll of the eyes that says, "My God! How stupid you are! Everyone in the world but you knows..." Then he explained that it was an euphemism for going to a whore house, and facetiously asked me if I knew what *that* meant.

We went. My girl was about twenty-five, a hawk-featured blond with black roots who obviously thought she resemble Betty Grable, because she struck a Grable pin-up pose in every doorway she chanced to encounter. She gave me the once-over with slate-grey eyes, cold as a bird's, and dismissed whatever she thought she was. Once we were inside the room she was brisk in a bored sort of way, like a supermarket cashier. She gave me instructions to get undressed which I followed. I lay on the bed and she used her mouth on me. It did not bring me a great deal of pleasure. She had small even teeth which caused me a good deal of worry and she was, what I considered to be, very rough. Although, assuming she knew her job, I offered no complaint, as she took me to an instant short of orgasm, stopped, lay back on the bed, hiked up the bluish kimono she was wearing and instructed me to lie on top of her. I did. She used her hand to guide me into her, bucked her thin body a couple of times and I was finished. I was still breathing noisily into the shoulder of her kimono which smelled of something like lighter fluid when she slipped out from under me, went to the sink in the corner and began to run the water. Her pubic hair matched her dark roots.

"You better get dressed," she said to me as if I had just purchased a loaf of bread and a quart of milk, "they'll be somebody else waiting for the room."

Possibly guessing that I was somewhat of a virgin, Allan had more or less told me what to expect. Although he was only a month or two older than me, he took great pains to elaborate on his many and varied sexual exploits, beginning for him at age nine and encompassing any number of young girls, as well as at least one headmaster's wife at a private school he attended.

My date, as Mrs. Burrell, the madam of American House, had called her, washed her hands, patted a small white towel between her thighs, then turned toward me where I was struggling back into my clothes, and with a little hop took a sitting position on the edge of the chipped white sink in the corner. She made a face to demonstrate the effect the cold porcelain had on her buttocks, adjusted herself and proceeded to pee in the sink. To say the least I was dumfounded.

"Aint't you ever seen a girl take a pee before?" she said with a small derisive laugh. As a matter of fact, I hadn't.

It was not a particularly memorable experience. However, it wasn't so unpleasant that I wouldn't try it again in hopes that it would be better. It seems to me analagous to my first bridge lesson. I was thoroughly confused but eager to find out what was going on. My father used to say something about anticipation being 9/10ths of the actual event, and in situations like this the real fun lay in the planning to go, wondering what it would be like, and all the strange and wonderful speculations that led up to the actual event.

As I said, the place where we went was known as American House. Edmonton was jumping off place for American troops going and coming from Alaska. There were always sizable contingents of American soldiers in Edmonton all during the war and for a couple of years afterward. The American barracks were in and around the Municipal Airport, which was and still is located in the heart of the city. In 1943, it was the only airport of any consequentce within 200 miles.

The American House was just south of the airport. I think Mrs. B. sitting at her kitchen table with her hour glasses lined up in front of her. They weren't exactly hour glasses, but I can't think of anything else to call them. They were hour glass shaped, but each held exactly fifteen minutes' worth of rose colored sand. They sat in two rows on the table. If a room or girl was occupied the hour glass was pulled about six inches forward and flipped to start the sand running. When one expired and the customer hadn't visibly departed or the girl come down to announce her availability, Mrs. B. would climb the stairs to the second floor, knock on the door in question and call out "time" in her deep gravelly voice.

I wonder what happened to those hour glasses? Surely they would have great value as antiques. I can visualize Mrs. B. in her old age hobbling into one of those furniture polish-smelling antique stores, her arms loaded with hour glasses full of pink sand.

She greeted Allan heartily, after all he was a regular customer, but looked at me as though I was a sack of flour.

"You remember Charles?" Allan said.

Her blank stare told me that she didn't, although we had been to her house an equal number of times.

Off the kitchen was a small parlour almost like a doctor's waiting room, where, if all the girls were occupied, customers could wait. I was only in the waiting room once. It was dark and austere with a black bench along each wall, two ashtrays on chrome stands, a black wood coffee table covered with dog-eared magazines and a dappled mirror on the wall. I chanced to stand up at the sound of footsteps coming down the outside stairs, an officer tapped the window and gave Mrs. B. a mock salute. She pushed a still running hour glass with perhaps five minutes left in it to the rear of the table, pulled a new one forward, flipped it to start the sand running as she looked at me and said, "Ah...Charles, room eight is available."

Except for mine, she had a remarkable memory for names. She laughed and joked with most of her customers and even remembered what part of England Allan came from.

Edmonton was somewhat of a city of churches. To this day 96th Street, a street that ironically encompasses a major portion fo the city's skid row, has a world's record number of churches on it. The new premier of the province was a young fundamentalist preacher named Ernest C. Manning, who evangelized politics during the week and the Lord on Sunday by means of a radio broadcast from Calgary called the "National Back to The Bible Hour". Manning had inherited the premiership and the Bible hour from William Aberhart, the founder of a weird religio-economic phenomenon known as Social Credit. The Social Credit Party ruled Alberta politically from 1935 until the mid-sixties.

The fact that there were suddenly thousands of servicemen dumpted into this severely conservative Bible-belt city had no effect on the city fathers. There were no cocktail lounges, or mixed drinking for that matter, and only one liquor store on each side of the river. The idea of prostitutes was not even discussed. A few over-the-hill ladies of the evening and a few Indian girls fresh from the reservation provided the only opportunities for recreational sex. Needless to say both Canadian and American MP's were busy every night of the week quelling riotous behavior of soldiers with too much evergy, too much alcohol and no way to let off steam. The drinking facilities in Edmonton consisted of a number of beer parlours, a uniquely Canadian phenomenon, large halls jammed with tables where beer was served by the glass. No decor other than the most utilitarian. No entertainment. Little socializing. Men and women had their own entrances and sections of beer parlours; God forbid a man and his wife should see each other drinking beer.

The same mentalities controlled the police as the liquor previously; I knew that it was about me, but they were using adult words and I was used to them talking about me as though I wasn't present.

Mother said something like "You've got to tell him. It's your job." My father had shrugged his lean shoulders and come across the room to where I was playing and taken my hand to lead me outside.

Dad spoke for quite some time of, I think "reproduction" was the word he used. It meant absolutely nothing to me, but I could sense we were dealing with a serious subject and nodded solemnly to every word he said. When he finished the lecture he said that there was a certain word that I would hear the other boys and sometimes men using, and that it was a dirty word and I should never repeat it. Again I agreed solemnly. That finished, he heaved a great sigh, slapped me insincerely on the back and extracted a Wildfire Candy Bar, one with a purple wrapper with red and yellow flame burning the length of the cylindrical bar.

I know what the word must have been that I was forbidden to use, but even a moment or two after the conversation I had forgotten it, and was never able to clearly recall it no matter how I tried.

As Mrs. B.'s entourage grew, it became necessary to have someone to control the traffic, as it were, and Mrs. B. was the obvious choice. It was her idea to use the hour glasses to control the amount of time a customer could spend with the girl of his choice. Mrs. B. ended up having 8-10 girls in the house at all times. American House had someone on duty from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. to accomodate all three shifts from the military bases as well as the nearby aircraft manufacturing plant.

About a month after American House became fully established, a bluenosed neighbour noticing the unusual amount of activity flourishing around Mrs. B.'s day and night, alerted the local police force and early one Saturday evening a lugubrious black paddy wagon pulled up in front and a dozen of Edmonton's finest raided American House. They marched out of the house, Mrs. B. fully clothed, and eight girls in various stages of undress. They took them to the police station where the girls were booked as inmates of a bawdy house and Mrs. B. as the keeper. It did not take long for word of the arrests to reach the powers that be among the American military.

The legend has it that a certain Lt. Colonel who was not getting any glory out of overseeing the movement of supplies and troops to Alaska, and was also a regular customer of American House, dressed in his full battle regalia with three aide de camps, a military limousine and a convoy of jeeps sped through the dark streets of Edmonton that Saturday night and parked outside the police station. He and his whole contingent are reported to have waited patiently until the Chief of Police was roused from bed and summoned to his office.

Exactly what went on in the office of the Chief of Police is not known, but again legend takes over and the Lt. Colonel is supposed to have told the chief that there were 5,000 not pretty. The bright color of her dress contrasted vividly with the dark varnished window sill, baseboards, trim around the closet, and the greyish color of the walls. Her nose was too large, her lips too think, and she didn't have much of a chest. There were tears on her cheeks.

"I'm Theodozia." she said, putting out a very small hand for me to shake. A peculiar gesture under the circumstance.

"I'm Charles Bristow," I said for want of something better to say.

"They call me Teddy," said the girl. "My last name is Czorokovitch. I come from out around Smokey Lake."

This was not going the way it was supposed to. Why, I wondered, did this type of thing always seem to happen to me?

"I'm sorry," Teddy said, "I just found out something I didn't know." She sniffed. Then she took a step toward me and laid her cheek against my chest. "Helen just told me I got a baby in me. I didn't know... I didn't know that this was...the way you got one. I just didn't know." She sobbed into my chest like a broken-hearted child.

Teddy was, I suppose, no more than eighteeen and spoke with a heavy Ukrainian accent, where h's are silent and e's pronounced as a heavy a. Thus Edmonton became Aadmonton, and Teddy, Taaddy.

"You must think that's awful funny," she said into my chest, "that something like that could happen...that somebody could be so stupid."

"I haven't really thought about it," I said into the top of her head. But I was thinking about it, and my mind flashed to my own non-existant sex education, and I saw how it very well could happen. I had heard of girls asking if they could get pregnant by kissing, and women who didn't know they were pregnant until their baby was born.

"I don't come from around here," Teddy said, as if that explained her ignorance. "Used to live out near Spedden." She pronounced it Spaaden. I knew vaguely where it was, a tiny farming community a hundred miles or so north-east of Edmonton. "But you don't want to know my trouble," she said stepping back and extracting a crumpled handkerchief from the sleeve of her dress. As she blew her nose she looked sadly up at me. If she had been wearing glasses she would have beeen looking over the top of them.

I felft an incredible rush of tenderness toward this bedraggled girl, but could find no way of expressing myself. I was afraid that if I showed the compassion I felt, I would become ridiculous in her eyes, after all she was a prostitute, infinitely more experienced with life than I, and yet...

"Why don't we just talk for a while," I said.

Teddy let out an audible sigh and moved over to the bed with its ornate but battered, brass head and foot. We lay facing each other on our elbows on the worn, wheat-colored bedspread. Teddy lit a cigarette and set the sardine can ashtray on the bed behind her.

"I was feeling bad anyway because my parents come to visit me this afternoon," she said. She was so plain, and ordinary, I somehow couldn't reconcile myself to where I was. It didn't seem possible that Mrs. B. and her hourglasses were just one flight down and that the other rooms were in use. "My mother's a dummy. Did I tell you that? That's maybe why she never told me nothing about...you know. I didn't speak no English until I start school and then I was always a grade or two behind everyone else."

"Hey, you're nice to listen to me this way. Most guys would have got mad at me by now."

"Its okay," I said and smiled at her. I tried to picture what my life would be like with Teddy. What if I took her away from this life, gave her and the baby a good home. I would read aloud to her in the evenings...

"My old man phoned from the bus depot. Mrs. B. took the call. She's real nice; said it was okay for them to come over. I

"How? How did you...?"

Get to working here? By accident, I guess. Everything was by accident. I don't know how I could ever be so dumb. I just never thought...until Helen told me..." She sniffed loudly again.

"Things will be all right," I said.

"When I was fourteen or so, boys got to looking pretty good to me. Guy name of John Repchuck take me out one night in his pickup truck. He kiss me a lot and put his hands all over me. It feel so good I let him do whatever he want with me and that feel good too. I started to go out with some of his friends after that. I sure liked being so popular, but I never catch on that I bet I'm the only girl who does it with every guy every time she goes out. It just never seem to me that anything that feel so good can be bad for me."

"Did you know what to expect when you came to...work...here?"

"I really applied for a job to sell things, but a couple of girls explain to me what really happens here. Jesus, but I was surprised to find out from Mrs. B. that I could get paid money for doing what I like to do best. Still, the other girls act like they doing something dirty and it rub off on me sometimes, like today when Mama gave me that picture.

I glanced back at the peacock-colored Virgin leaning gaudily against the mirror as Teddy, or a counterpart, might lean on a lamp post. Teddy looked at me and smiled. She was really prettier when she smiled. Her teeth were uneven, but then who was perfect. I pictured myself standing at the end of a church aisle glancing furtively over my shoulder as Teddy, dressed in a white gown advanced slowly down the aisle toward me.

"We'd better get on with it," Teddy said standing up. "Your time will be up soon." Her face was still splotched and red from crying.

"It's all right," I said, standing helplessly in the middle of the room. She took one step toward me, then rushed the other step or two while the beginning of a colossal sob forced itself from her. She buried her face in my chest and sobbed uncontrollably. "You're so nice to me," I think were the words choking out between sobs.

She took a deep breath. "No. You paid your money. It's not fair." She took a step back, reached down and took my hand and lead me to the bed. I sat on the edge of the bed. She took another deep breath and sniffed loudly. This was certainly not going to be one of the more passionate experiences of my life. Teddy reached out her arms and clasped them behind my neck and was just leaning forward to kiss me when I felt her tense as if a gun has suddenly been poked into her back. She unclasped her hands and walked the two or three steps to the dresser.

She took the picture of the Virgin from where it leaned, solemnly staring at us in all its garish wonder, and turned it toward the wall.

"I don't want she should see the things I do," Teddy said to me.

Seconds later Mrs. B. knocked and called, "Time."

"I'll see you again soon," I said as I left, feeling very pleased with myself. Teddy gave me a demure kiss on the lips and squeezed my hand.

"That would be very nice," she said. I closed the door quietly.

When I came downstairs Allan was waiting for me, the lemony-blond hair on either side of his beret freshly watered. With him were two young American soldiers about our age. One was tall with sharp features and very black hair, the other stocky with curly red hair and freckles piled on his cheeks like cornflakes.

"Well, it took you long enough," said Allan.

I tried to smile enigmatically. What was the quote from *A Tale of Two Cities*? "Tis a far far better thing I do than ever I have done before." I looked at the Americans in their tailored uniforms. Allan and I looked like poor relatives in

As I said, the place where we went was known as American House. Edmonton was jumping off place for American troops going and coming from Alaska. There were always sizable contingents of American soldiers in Edmonton all during the war and for a couple of years afterward. The American barracks were in and around the Municipal Airport, which was and still is located in the heart of the city. In 1943, it was the only airport of any consequentce within 200 miles.

The American House was just south of the airport, I think on 106 Street. It was within a twenty minute walk of where we were stationed. Allan was mysteriously always able to procure passes for us whenever we wanted to leave the base. When I asked how he accomplished it, he smiled his, "My God but you're dumb," smile and changed the subject.

There are many stories about American House. I have no idea which are true and which the product of over active imaginations. The madam, a Mrs. Burrell, Mrs. B. to everyone, looked exactly the way I envisioned a madam should. She was a Hollywood stereotype madam: mid-fifties, dyed red hair cut short, too much make-up unsuccessfully covering the too many lines on her face, a cigarette perpetually dangling from the corner of her mouth, one violet eye squinted up to keep the rising smoke at bay.

Rumor had it that her husband had worked in the Canadian National Railway yards roundhouse in Calder, an area on the city's northwest outskirts. Put in time was a more apt description, for he carried a piecework quilt to work with him each night and slept seven hours of his eight hour shift in an abandoned steam boiler. The rumor goes on to state that one night someone hooked up the steam boiler, broiled Mr. B. and made Mrs. B. a widow.

"He was done up tender as an overcooked chicken," she reportedly told an officer visiting American Home. "They had a devil of a time dressing him for the funeral. His bones kept pulling out of the sockets every time they moved him even slightly.

Railroad pensions being small, Mrs. B. began looking for a job and took on a distributorship for Corsetian Corsets. To satisfy her employer she needed to employ a number of direct sales people and she regularly ran ads in the Help Wanted Female section of the Edmonton Bulletin:

Easy money, short hours,
call Rosalinda Burrell,
24712

She made a marginal living from the corset franchise until she found that many of the women who applied for jobs were new to the city and in need of a place to stay. Her home had a number of extra bedrooms.

Her husband had had a grandiose dream of owning a Spanish hacienda, although he had never been further south of Edmonton than Great Falls, Montana. He designed the building that was to become known as American House, did much of the work himself, but when the interior ground floor was finished, lost interest and did little or nothing the last few years of his life toward the outside. The house, of vaguely Spanish American appearance, sprawled across two lots, grey as a prison with only the scratch-coat of stucco on front and back. For some reason the ends of the building had only lath and tarpaper. The once shiny black tarpaper was weathered to a soft mouse-grey, and frayed edges flapped like bird wings whenever the wind blew, which in Edmonton is most of the time.

After establishing that renting rooms was almost as profitable as selling corsets, Rosalina Burrelll began having the upstairs rooms finished. Always an economical person, she spent as little as possible, getting the less expensive sand-finish on the interior walls and having a light fixture fastened to each ceiling. She put down institutional brown linoleum on the floor of the rooms and hall, installed a Hollywood bed, a chest of drawers, and with a burst of unprecedented foresight, a second-hand sink in each room. At the north end of the building a flight of rough plank stairs ran down the outside like a fire-escape. It was therefore possible to enter the front door, do your business on the second floor, and exit without mingling with the incoming guests.

Not long ago, a year perhaps, I went for a walk one evening, and wandered the streets south of the airport until I found American House. It stood vacant, looking every bit as dilapidated as it had thirty years ago. I would have liked to have gone to a neighbour and inquired as to how long the house had been vacant and what became of Rosalinda Burrell. I, of course, didn't.

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On perhaps our sixth or seventh visit to American House, I met Teddy. Allan and I came in the side door and found soldiers with too much evergy, too much alcohol and no way to let off steam. The drinking facilities in Edmonton consisted of a number of beer parlours, a uniquely Canadian phenomenon, large halls jammed with tables where beer was served by the glass. No decor other than the most utilitarian. No entertainment. Little socializing. Men and women had their own entrances and sections of beer parlours; God forbid a man and his wife should see each other drinking beer.

The same mentalities controlled the police as the liquor distribution; therefore it was considered better for young soldiers to consort with the few street women and risk VD, than to even consider supervised brothels which many other more civilized nations provided for their troops.

The establishment of American House came about by accident. A couple of young hookers had fallen in love with two soldiers who were stationed at San Diego. When the soldiers were transferred to Edmonton, the hookers came along to be near their lovers. Their first weekend in Edmonton they plied their trade on Jasper Avenue, the main street of the city, did a brisk business, but were soon hustled off to jail by the city's highly efficient morality detectives. They were remanded in custody for seven days after having blood samples taken to determine whether or not they were infected with VD. The results were negative, the girls were treated as first offenders and released on the understanding that they would leave the city immediately. The morality detectives suggested that the girls give Calgary, Alberta's other major city 200 miles to the south, a try, stating that there were more heathens there, and that Calgary didn't enforce their laws against prostitution as stringently as did Edmonton.

Instead of leaving town, the girls answered Mrs. B.'s ad for easy money and short hours, and were soon ensconced in one of Mrs. B's upstairs rooms, studying the sales procedures of Corsetina Corsets.

"They sold damn few corsets," Mrs. B. would say, retelling the story anytime anyone asked how she had gotten involved in 'the business'. "But they sure had a lot of prospective customers dropping in," and she would laugh her gruff laugh and light one Sweet Caporal butt off another.

It didn't take Mrs. B. long to guess what was going on and she soon confronted the girls not only to confirm her suspicions, but to get details of the financial intricacies of the business, for Mrs. B. was never one to miss a business opportunity. Rather than turn the girls out on the street again, she simply upped their rent 500 per cent, which they gladly paid. The girls promptly wrote to two other friends in San Diego explaining the potential in Edmonton and American House was born.

After that, whenever a girl came to apply for a job selling Corsetina Corsets, she was interviewed not only by Mrs. B., but often two or more of the working girls who were soon able to establish if the newcomers had any previous experience with prostitution, or the temperment and inclination to make a success of it as an occupation.

Edmonton was still really a small town or at least had a small town mentality, and rumors of the existence of American House were soon rampant in the city. My father took me aside one Sunday evening when I was allowed off base, ostensibly to warn me of the unsavory aspects of prostitution, but more realistically to find out the exact location of American House. I really doubt that he wanted the information for his own use, but being an inveterate storyteller, I'm sure he wanted to impress his friends with the knowledge.

He kept, much to my embarrassment, pressing to know if I had been there. He put his arm around my shoulder and was so close I could smell his Aqua-Velva, and tried some of that phony father-son camaraderie that made him sound and act like a carnival barker, with me as the prize rube.

For some reason I found the situation intolerably funny and had to clench my teeth, bite my tongue and the insides of my mouth to keep from breaking down in laughter. It was so plain what my father wanted, but he didn't have the guts to come right out and ask me to tell him the location of American House. I barely listened to him as he talked to me like a five-year-old, lecturing about the evils of venereal disease and the immorality of prostitution. Instead of listening to him, I recalled my encounter with sex education when I was about four, perhaps five, but it was certainly before I started school. My father took me out on a Sunday afternoon in my grandfather's Model T Ford. It was a lazy summer day and large blue flies sunned themselves on the shiny black hood of the car. The interior smelled of sunheated upholstery, grease, and my dad's after-shave. I seem to recall he and Mother having a serious conversation

American House, dressed in his full battle regalia with three aide de camps, a military limousine and a convoy of jeeps sped through the dark streets of Edmonton that Saturday night and parked outside the police station. He and his whole contingent are reported to have waited patiently until the Chief of Police was roused from bed and summoned to his office.

Exactly what went on in the office of the Chief of Police is not known, but again legend takes over and the Lt. Colonel is supposed to have told the chief that there were 5,000 American troops in Edmonton and another 2,000-3,000 that could be summoned on short notice and that unless Mrs. B. and her girls were released immediately and given safe conduct for the duration of the Lt. Colonel's stay in Edmonton, he was about to issue weekend passes to every American soldier in Edmonton including all of the military police, and he hoped that the Edmonton police chief was prepared to handle 5,000-7,000 unsupervised American soldiers, drunk, horny and spoiling for trouble.

The result was that later that day Mrs. B. and her women were returned to American House, not by paddy wagon, or police car, but in the Chief's private limousine.

Mrs. B. and American House received no further harassment and the Lt. Colonel often posted an MP just inside the back door of American House to insure that a certain decorum was maintained. But even without supervision,GI's of both armies knew a good thing when they had it and there was seldom anything worse than a soldier passing out in the hall and eventually being carried back to base by his buddies.

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"Room eight is free," she said to me and motioned Allan into the parlour. Allan gave me an exaggerated bow and Mrs. B. laughed heartily at his show. "Have a girl for you in a minute, Sonny," she said, nodding toward the pink sand that was rapidly disappearing from the number four hourglass.

The light in the upstairs hall came from a tiny flickering 20 watt bulb with a poinsett-colored filament. The hall smelled of linoleum, floor wax and moth balls.

I tapped on the dark varnished door which had an equally dark metal #8 nailed to it and entered. The girl stood with her back to me looking out the room's only window at the snow-deep front yard. She didn't turn around although she obviously knew I was there.

After a brief silence, I said, "My name is Charles." There followed a longer silence. She wore a dress of green silky material. Her hair was mouse-brown and pulled into a bun at the back of her head. She was quite short and stocky.

"I'm sorry to bother you," I said finally, "but Mrs. B. thought you were expecting me."

She turned around and looked in my direction. She was

Contributor Notes

If you have opinions on the Canadian Publishing Industry, the quality and character of modern Candian writers, the relationship between the government and the arts, creative writing departments, etc., then the ***Martlet Magazine*** offers you a unique platform for your views. Remember, we are interested in creative criticism as well as creative writing.

Contributions should be typed and accompanied by a brief biographical note explaining who, what, where, and why you are.

Will Garrett-Petts is the ***Martlet Magazine*** editor.

William Patrick Kinsella is from Edmonton, Alberta. He has a degree in creative writing from the University of Victoria and is curtently teaching and working toward anfmfa in English at the Iowa Writers' Workshop.

Dance Me Outside, a collection of seventeen short stories, published by Oberon Press, is currently available in bookstores, 158 pages, $4.95. A second collection, tentatively titled ***Black Wampum***, is scheduled for publication by Oberon in September, 1978.

Among magazines where his stories have appeared since 1975 are: Axiom, Canadian Fiction, Canadian Short Story, Descant, Fiddlehead, Introductions From An Island, Iowa CRS, Iowa Journal, Karake, Malahat Review, Martlet Magazine, Matrix, NoWest ReView, Pequod, Plum Prism International, Queen's Quarterly, Repository, Soun & Fury, The Spirit That Moves Us, Story Quarterly, Tamarack Review, Wascana Review, Waves, and Windsor Review.

didn't speak no English until I start school and then I was always a grade or two behind everyone else."

"Hey, you're nice to listen to me this way. Most guys would have got mad at me by now."

"Its okay," I said and smiled at her. I tried to picture what my life would be like with Teddy. What if I took her away from this life, gave her and the baby a good home. I would read aloud to her in the evenings...

"My old man phoned from the bus depot. Mrs. B. took the call. She's real nice; said it was okay for them to come over. I told Papa to take a taxi, but they walked. Got to be close to two miles. There's no business on a weekday afternoon, so it was just like they was coming to a regular rooming house. Not that they'd know. Anyway I was getting the room cleaned up when I got talking to Helen..." her voice trailed off. She leaned back and put the cigarette out. Then as if there was some prearranged signal we both lay down, me on my back and Teddy with her head in the crook of my neck.

"I just got talking to Helen," she waved her hand to show that Helen was one of her housemates, "and I was telling her about how I've been sick every morning, throwing up sick to die, and she asks me how long since I had a period. I didn't even know what she's talking about. She had to say, "When did you bleed last?" before I knew. And I tell her it's maybe been three months. I was happy when it stopped; it was always so much of a mess." She pulled back and looked at me again as if she were wearing glasses and gave me a small smile.

"Jesus, kid, don't you know nothing?" Helen says to me. "You're knocked up, pregnant, got a bun in the oven." I don't know what to say to her. I just feel all of a sudden all heavy inside like my stomach is full of rocks or something. I came back here and went through the effort of clean up my room and wait for my folks to come."

Teddy got up then, climbed over me. Her slippery green dress rose way up over her knees, but she didn't seem to notice. She just walked over to the window and pulled back the cream-colored lace curtains.

"If you look out the window here in the daytime you can see quite a ways down the street. I seen them coming and washed my face and blew my nose before they got here."

I could picture Teddy's mother and father. I had seen their prototypes blocking the aisles of the T. Eaton Department Store all the years of my life. The father in a red or green plaid hunting hat with ear-flaps down, walking a full five paces ahead of his woman. He would be wearing bib-overalls with a denim smock over a bulky sweater. The mother would be wearing a heavy brown or black coat over a black dress that hung below the coat. She would be short and heavy with round red cheeks and her head would be covered with a flowered babushka. On their feet each would be wearing full-shoe rubbers stuffed with insoles and held on by sealer rings of white or orangy-red.

"Mrs. B. let them in and showed them up here to my room just like they was a trick or something," and she made a weak little smile. "I hug Mama and her face is all cold from the outside and both their clothes smell of wood smoke, an Papa's mackinaw have the sweet smells of clover hay and cows hanging on it like pictures. I'd almost forgot what it was like to live way out there. No gas, or power, or water..."

"They'd been to the Army & Navy Department Store. Mama was carrying two shopping bags, and Papa got a square kind of package look like a blanket. We ain't got nothing to say to each other. I asked about my brother. He stayed home to do the farm chores. They asked about my job...I tell them I sell corsets door to door. I have to bring out samples to show them what corsets are. Papa laugh some and say how come they want to make nice fat women look like they are slim, and he pat Mama's back. She's all round and her tummy jiggles when she walks. Mrs. B. make a point of telling them how well I'm doing. They both smile and say they're glad I'm doing so good in the city.

"Mrs. B. brings them up a cup of tea and then they go. As they was leaving, Mama dug down in her shopping bag and she gave me that there picture on the dresser."

I have to turn my head to see the picture. It is a picture of the Virgin. It is in a pale wood frame and probably sold for 35 cents. The colors are a kaleidoscope of sky-blues, canary-yellows, vermilions and kelly-greens.

Nowadays, my son has a word for such pictures. Clone Art, he calls them, although he includes in that definition almost any non-professional art work found in jdinary homes or offices. I doubt if there was such a word as "clone,' in 1943.

"It's very nice," I said and sat down glumly on the room's only chair.

With him were two young American soldiers about our age. One was tall with sharp features and very black hair, the other stocky with curly red hair and freckles piled on his cheeks like cornflakes.

"Well, it took you long enough," said Allan.

I tried to smile enigmatically. What was the quote from *A Tale of Two Cities*? "Tis a far far better thing I do than ever I have done before." I looked at the Americans in their tailored uniforms. Allan and I looked like poor relatives in our fuzzy kahki and the hateful black berets.

"So, you must have given your woman quite a workout," the tallest of the two Americans said to me as we walked down the frozen wooden sidewalks in the direction of our barracks. He had very dark eyes and wore a great deal of after shave lotion. His voice had an unusual softness, at least to my ear.

"Yes, tell us about it, Charles," Allan said.

"Which one were you with?" asked the redhead.

I could feel myself blushing furiously. I kicked at the sidewalk as we walked along. Some of the houses we passed had red Christmas candles in their windows although it was well past the traditional Christmas date. A large number of Edmontonians of Slavic descent celebrated Christmas by the Gregorian calendar. I pictured Teddy with a creamy lace prayer shawl bunched about her face. The whole city was covered in a light hoar frost.

"Come on, Charles," Allan insisted. "Who were you with?"

I stepped sharply on the outside edge of the wooden sidewalk. A nail cried out in the cold like a kicked animal.

"Theodozia," I said very quietly.

"Who?" said the tall American.

I dicided to continue being mysterious. "Theodozia Czorokovitch," I said. The name had a kind of mysterious sound to it. It sounded like the name of a heroine in a silent movie.

"No such," said the red haired American. "I know every girl there."

"His daddy owns a brewery," said the tall one of the redhead. "Sends him money every week for him to spend all on himself." His voice was breathy and for some reason reminded me of a freshly waxed floor.

I felt like a treed animal being slowly set up for the kill. My stomach lurched the way it does when an elevator stops suddenly. Something was terribly wrong.

"Teddy," sang the short one.

"Teddy," the other two echoed. "You got stuck with Teddy."

"Stuck," I repeated stupidly.

"That's why he was gone so long."

"He was listening instead of fucking."

"Did she talk you out of it entirely?, or just..."

"Which story did she use on you?"

"The visit from her parents?"

"Or the sick baby sister?"

"Her mother with TB?"

"Or the stepfather who sold her to Mrs. B?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said lamely. Why did everyone in the world but me know what was going on?

"She talked you right out of it, didn't she?" said Allan, walking backward in front of me, doing a little dance.

"No," I said. "It wasn't..." It couldn't be. The picture of the Virgin. Her parents *were* there.

"She did too. I was in the doorknob," said Allan.

"You weren't."

"There, there," said Allan in his most vindictive voice.

"What are you two talking about?" said the tall American.

Allan smiled enigmatically. Something he did with ease. "Just a little joke between Charles and me."

"Old Teddy's tried a con on every guy who's ever been with her," said the redhead. "Blake here caught right on and slapped her around some. Said she was the best fuck he ever had after they got that straightened out." He looked to Blake for confirmation.

"I been back to her," said Blake. "When she sees it's me, she just drops the laundry and spreads her legs. She can be a mighty sweet fuck when she wants to be."

"She wants to be an actress," said the redhead.

"She is," said Allan.

The chill January wind suddenly penetrated my uniform and I felt as cold as if I were clothed in the hoar frost that covered the trees, utility poles and wires. I walked rapidly ahead of them beating my hands on opposite shoulders. I looked up at a frosty streetlight and I could see Teddy's face, her green dress, the picture of the Virgin. Soon the taunting voices were far behind me, and there was only the cold and the stars and the sounds of my feet on the frozen sidewalks.

FEATURE

Power plays needed to foil power play

By FRASER HOMER-DIXON, Special to the Martlet

Former Martlet staffer Fraser Homer-Dixon attended a November World Federalist Youth disarmament conference in Marseille. This is a summation of his report.

We all know about the problems facing mankind, although we often forget that they are as serious as they are. We are numbed by facts and figures because they offer only further problems—not answers. But the situation we currently face does not have to be described and analyzed through endless lists of information. It is probably more sensible to look at our species and our planet from a foreign point of view. How would we see Earth from space?

From a distance the world can be seen to be in rough condition. Man is overpopulating the earth, depleting its resources, and polluting its delicate biosphere. Man cannot properly feed or educate his numbers. There is a growing gap between the rich and poor regions of the planet. An arms race threatens every person, while absorbing a staggering amount of wealth. At present, man seems to command neither his direction nor his speed of progress.

We consider ourselves the highest form of life on this planet, yet, as a whole, we have shown no more intelligence than the smallest protozoan. We seem to have no control over our numbers, our consumption, our wastes, or our aggressiveness. Perhaps we are a species bound for extinction because we cannot adapt to the limits and changes of our environment.

There is some hope that we will overcome these problems. To overcome them would represent our greatest evolutionary challenge to now—a test of our ability to adapt, a true test of our success as a species. Further, if we are to succeed we must properly understand the obstacles before us.

The many organizations and individuals desperately trying to alter man's direction seem to be having little effect. The continued escalation of the arms race shows this all to well. Since Hiroshima, there have been more than twenty international agreements and twelve international conferences concerning arms control. The super powers continually discuss the problem both formally and informally. Members of the United Nations have voted unanimously for general and complete disarmament.

Yet the arms race has not stopped: it has not even been slowed. World military expenditure is now approaching four hundred billion dollars a year, and, according to the Club of Rome report, **Reshaping the International Order**, "almost half the world's scientific and technological manpower devote their skills to military research and development." A joint panel of scientists from Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has concluded that nuclear war is almost a certainty before the year 2000. At the conclusion of its twenty-seventh conference in August 1977, the Pugwash Council declared that "despite endless efforts, progress towards limiting armaments and stopping the arms race has been all but invisible."

The concerned public, a great many non-governmental organizations, and countless men and women seem unable to reduce the momentum of the arms race. Before we can continue with our work, the problem and its motivations must be analyzed.

In tracing the reasons for our ineffectiveness in changing government policy, we must start with the premise that man is not basically a rational animal, but rather one who responds to emotions from deep within his personality. Once we realize this, then it is easy to understand why logic and common sense are such blunt weapons against the problems that surround us. Logic and common sense would be fine against computers, but we must have a different approach for people. Our task is not to change our basic emotions, but to understand them.

The only emotional need that is satisfied by the race to destroy is the individual desire for political power. Political power is influence—influence over the minds and actions of people. It is directly proportional to the degree of influence and to the number of people influenced. The need for political power is a very strong motivation for both individuals and groups.

Over-population, resource depletion, pollution, and extensive hunger, are largely the result of man reaching the functional limits of his environment. These could be called passively created problems. But the arms race is different since it has been actively created by man. The arms race is the direct product of the drive for political power.

Like other people, I was for a long time confused by the forces behind the arms race, with the constant rationalizations military strategists would make for themselves. "The aggressive intentions of the Soviet Union" has often been a sufficient enough incantation to keep people's fears at bay. The fact is, though, that in the contest between the superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union act and react in the same way. Both sides consider the other a potential aggressor, and both sides arm to prevent a crippling first strike. A cycle is obvious. The United States has to increase its armaments in order to balance increased first-strike capabilities on the part of the Soviet Union. The soviets respond in a similar fashion.

Many groups and individuals in the countries involved in the arms race have a political interest in seeing the arms race continue. The fear, the need for security, and the ignorance, are used as vehicles to continue the arms race, while the insanity of the arms race is broken down and rationalized in minute detail so that it begins to make sense to even the most hardened skeptic.

There is an interesting distinction here. To the layman the arms race appears utterly mad. And as a whole, it is. In terms of his survival the arms race is totally irrational. Yet to the militarist it is not mad at all. Defined in terms of political power the arms race is most rational.

Even those involved in the arms race often don't fully understand their basic motivations. They are often affected by the same tools of fear and ignorance that they perpetuate. The desire for political power is either subliminal or not recognized for what it is. In western society it arises in a prevalent desire to see the West dominate the East. It arises in the "our way of life is best" syndrome, and the desire to see "our way" accepted by the rest of the world. Often it satisfies the vanity of the officers within the military industries in the United States, as companies scramble after military contracts while they employ over 2000 lobbyists in Washington D.C.

When I explained these ideas to a friend we sketched an analogy. Suppose there is a peaceful African village, which is one day threatened by a lion. A man from the village gathers the other men together and convinces them that they must arm themselves, flush the lion out of hiding, and kill it. This is an understandable action based on a real threat and a real need for security. But suppose that the man has actually staged incidents to make the villagers believe that they are threatened by a lion. He could well have done this so that he would become the center of attention and the most important man in the village.

Something the same, although not as overt, has created today's arms race. There are pressure groups within the village of Western society that have convinced the rest of the villagers that there is danger from a lion. By doing so they have great influence within the society. But in reality, it is a phantom lion.

Sure, there is a huge buildup of arms on the Soviet side. But this is in response to previous increases and improvements in Western armaments. This true reason for the increase in Soviet armaments is ignored. The news of the increase is delivered to the public as "proof" of the Soviet Union's aggressive intentions. The public is fearful of a vague red mass on the far side of the world, waiting to overrun the planet; and the public supports a new round in the arms race.

It is important to realize that this is happening in nearly the same way in the Soviet Union and in many other places around the world. The arms race is an international game, although it is dominated by the superpowers.

In summation, the drive for political power is either the cause of the world's problems, or the main block to its effective solution. If the non-governmental organizations and the concerned peoples of the world continue to press for change in the manner that they have in the past, they will meet with virtually no success.

For example, there is the Club of Rome and the RIO report referred to earlier. Under the heading "arms reduction" are a number of recommendations. Some examples:

The present efforts being made within the United Nations to examine the possibility of a reduction in the military budgets of states with a major economic and military potential must be pursued with urgency.

Support should be given to all efforts to establish a negotiated time-table for consecutive reductions in military budgets with the simultaneous and effective transfer of resources thus released to constructive civilian use, including development purposes.

A degree of tolerance is required from all types of social systems in order that each country's and each region 's social change is left to the country or the region concerned. Arms reduction will be a consequence of the development of this tolerance.

Each of these proposals is undermined by a recurring question. How will it be achieved? No sovereign state is going to heed a United Nations call to reduce its military budget. A huge transfer of resources from military to civilian use will not occur just because we ask for it. And there is no evidence that the world is becoming more tolerant. I believe that these are impotent suggestions; I am sure that there is no hope of their realization in today's world. Time is running out—we must have a new approach.

Political power can only be countered with political power. The nation-states and the military-industrial complex only respond to pressure when to do so is in their political self-interest. To gather political power is our first task. The non-governmental organizations must co-ordinate their efforts while they actively seek public support and membership. Only when there is widespread organized support for our views will we have a worthwhile effect. It is time to stop bickering with the men at the top who are not really listening to the people anyway. The people should spend some time building a large international foundation of support. Then we can turn back to the men at the top. Then they will listen.

SPORTS

Vikes, Vikettes, off to Nationals

Basketball Vikettes and Vikings captured the Canada West University Athletic Association (CWUAA) championships by eliminating the University of Calgary squads at McKinnon Gym last weekend.

For the Mike Gallo-coached Vikettes the two game sweep marked the club's third consecutive CWUAA championship, while Viking coach Ken Shields recorded his first championship.

The Vikettes, as expected, overpowered the opposition and easily defeated the Dinnies 74-48 Friday and 67-46 Saturday.

First-team all-star Carol Turney turned in 31 points Friday, but once again team effort played an important role in the Vikettes' decisive victory. Veteran Vikettes Shelley and Leslie Godfrey each scored 13 points for the club while Luanne Hebb was held to five points.

UVic experienced little difficulty with the Dinnies in Saturday's match-up.

At the end of the half UVic held a 13-point advantage and continued to barge over the helpless Dinnies in the second half to win with a 21-point spread.

As has been the case all season, Turney led the scoring with 16 points.

Marg Mainwaring, playing her last game at UVic, complimented Turney's scoring efforts by netting 14 points.

The Vikettes head for Calgary to the 6-team single knock-out women's national championships this weekend.

UVic opens the series against Quebec Thursday and must defeat the Quebec champion to make the finals.

The Vikings' title was not as easily come by as the women's division title.

The Dinosaurs forced the Vikings to a third deciding game after defeating the Vikes 90-80 in the second game of the CWUAA final set. The UVic club came from behind an early deficit Friday to take an 85-77 victory over the Dinosaurs and wrapped up the championship by dropping the Dinosaurs 107-76 Sunday.

Friday night was a brutal game for the battling teams, as the Vikings were continually threatened by the Dinosaurs.

The score was tied four times in the first half and again late in the second half as the Vikings had to struggle to keep the Dinosaurs from getting the go-ahead basket.

The action was vicious on the boards and the checking was particularly tight. Bill Loos, league-leading scorer, was checked by Ted Hellard of the Dinosaurs and held to six points in the first half. Hellard stuck with Loos throughout the game and it wasn't until Hellard got his third foul that Loos started to score.

Loos finished with 22 points while Reni Dolcetti netted 16. Hellard finished with 25 points for the Dinosaurs.

Craig Higgins, the rookie from Oak Bay, turned in a spectacular performance. Higgins hit on six of seven shots for 85.7 per cent, scored 14 points and was steady on offense and defence.

The Dinosaurs back-door play beat the Vikings Saturday. The Vikes were caught defenceless on a number of occasions and were unable to regain sound footing.

Mike Santiago was instrumental in turning the Dinosaurs' game around for a win. Santiago was very aggressive on the boards and landed a key basket that sparked the Calgary club late in the second half.

Loos finished with 39 points while Lyle Leslie led the Dinosaurs' scoring with 26 points.

A shifting zone defence combined with a fast-break offense was the key to the Viking's success Sunday.

The Vikes opened strong, running up a 16-4 lead early in the half and advanced their

[continued on page 16]

Soccer blitz set

The short and snappy three week indoor soccer schedule will begin Mar. 9 in the McKinnon gym.

Each five-member team will, hopefully, be playing three games per night. "That depends on how many people sign up," said Bruce Townsend acting as indoor soccer supervisor this year.

"We split the gym into three separate courts, each one the size of a basketball court (which is what it is)," said Townsend. "We will be playing from 8:30 to 11 p.m. each Thursday of the season."

Last year's season sported seven teams with an average of eight to ten players per team. Townsend said he was happy with the turnout last year and expects this year's group to fare as well and have just as much fun.

The game is played with a regulation soccer ball and goal nets about half the size of the outdoor goals, or if you like, approximately the same size as water-polo nets.

"The only difference between outdoor soccer rules of play is the stipulation that the ball must always be below the waist," said Townsend. "If the ball rises above the waist indoors it is blown dead."

Interested people can register individually or together as a team in McKinnon 121.

Women win

The University of Victoria women's soccer team edged by Glen Valley Dynamos 2-1 in Victoria and District Grils Soccer action Saturday.

The Vikettes goals were scored by Lesley Newstead and Colleen Sinnot.

The women's soccer team recently advanced to Division 1 of the league after placing first in Section 1.

The Vikettes host the Saanich Peninsula Cardinals Saturday.

	W	L	Pts
Vikettes	8	1	17
Cardinals	7	1	16
Gorge	5	5	10
Expressos	4	4	10
Salt Spring	3	6	7
Blackhall	1	10	0

SFU wins one

Simon Fraser University finally took the intramural honors from UVic last weekend in Burnaby.

Competing in seven different sports UVic won only one event, ice hockey, by a score of 8-4.

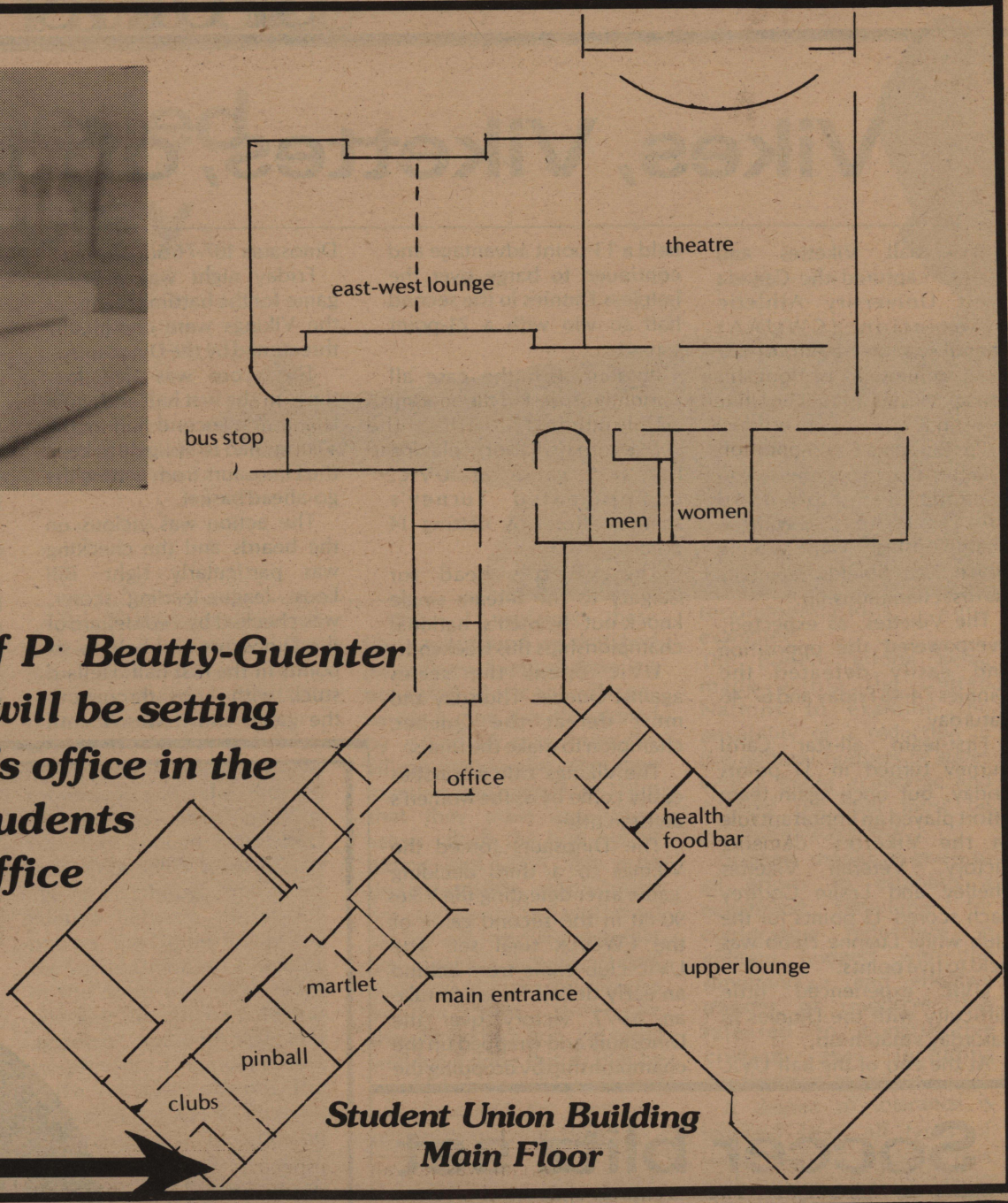
This was the first time SFU has won the semi-annual intramurals challenge match since its inception last spring.

Tallying three points for a win and one point for a loss, the final total score for all events was SFU 27 and UVic 13.

[continued on page 17]

The AMS is pleased to announce the appointment of P. Beatty-Guenter as UVIC Ombudsman. She will be setting up office in the Clubs Director's office in the SUB Building. She invites students to drop in and talk to her : office hours will be posted shortly.

NEW OMBUDSMAN OFFICE



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ENTERTAINMENT

Mainland after funny bone

By SUSAN TOUCHE, Martlet Entertainment Editor

Satirical humour, reaching often into the depths of gross black humour is flourishing both in Canada and the United States, attacking government, society and social conditions. On television, shows such as *Saturday Night Live* satirize their own medium, television talk/variety shows; while on radio in Canada, The Royal Canadian Air Farce chides politicians, government institutions and Newfies.

In magazines, the award for black humour goes unquestionably to **National Lampoon**, which, although degenerating in recent years, set the stage for caustic comments on the American way of life. **National Lampoon** has expanded its questionable humour, to albums and this month it descends on British Columbians with the "National Lampoon Road Show" to be held at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre in Vancouver on March 12.

The Road Show offers up skits, music and some renditions of the Lampoon album *That's Not Funny That's Sick*. The album itself expertly mixes witty satire in a radio talk show you wish you could hear on CKWX, with dialogues that leave you gasping at their sheer bad taste. The Road Show promises, if nothing else, to be an evening with popular comedians who know their subjects well and will not fail to provide at least some of the bad taste demanded by their audience.

Tempering the biting humour of the Lampoon act will be country folksy rock back-up band, Michael Simmons and Slewfoot.

The Queen Elizabeth seems to be abounding with variety this month. A pioneer of progressive rock, **Lou Reed**, is coming on March 16, joined by yet another misfit anti-hero. British glitter punk band, **Ian Drury and the Blockhead**. Overall, the staid Queen E will be abounding with musical and entertaining stire this month. Feeling sarcastic? Go to Vancouver for shows March 12 and 16.

Opera comes along

By GARTH SPENCER, Martlet Staff

The Greater Vancouver Operatic Society's **The Yeomen of the Guard**, performed at the McPherson Playhouse last Saturday and Sunday, warmed up considerably after an unexceptional beginning.

The Yeomen of the Guard is one of the Victorian light comic operattas written by Gilbert and Sullivan, which enjoy continuing popularity. **Yeomen** is peculiar among such comedies as it ends with three characters unhappily married, and another, the fool, falling senseless at the feet of the loved one he has lost.

The production's musical accompaniment consisted of a pianist and an organist. The use of the organ was not an entirely happy choice as it shared some of the faults to be found in the solo singing performances.

Some of the solo singers were hard to hear, at points, such as the Second Yeoman singing "This the Autumn". More often their voices, like the organ, sounded slightly thin and faint, giving the impression of not filling the hall. The most fequent fault was indistinctiveness, so that some verses were not easily understood.

Yet these faults were superseded by the generally high quality of the cast's musical performance. Beverly Fyfe, the music director, is to be congratulated on the direction of the chorus, and especially on a charming rendition of *Strange Adventure*, sung by a quartet.

The acting by the cast may have been somewhat inferior to their singing. But the show started warming up as soon as Jack Point, the fool, and his sweetheart, played by Edgar Hansen and Dawn Lacterman, appeared on stage. Their acting talent and full clear voices, along with the comic performance by Grahame Andrews as the head jailer, were the greatest strength of the show.

All in all, **The Yeomen of the Guard** was an enjoyable and promising amateur performance. We will be looking forward to such visits by GVOS in the future.

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—a twenty-five year love affair taking place on the stage of the Macpherson Playhouse March 3-18.

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ENTERTAINMENT

A Night On The Town

ART

*Opening March 3 and running through until the 19, at Utley's Art Gallery are The Lumners, a group of artists. Utley's is located at 9182 Saanich Road (just off McTavish).

*Coming to the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria, located on Moss Street, is a lecture entitled **Spanish Tour.** This begins at 8:00 p.m.

*Chinese Drawing is at the Art Gallery on March 4.

DANCE

*The Victoria Folk Music Society is holding a square dance. So if you wish to don your high heeled sneakers on Friday March 3 and go to 1110 Hillside at 8:00 pm. Be ready for a hootin' time. Tickets are $2.50, $2.00 for students.

MUSIC

*Catherine Young, soprano is coming to the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria on March 2 at 8:00 pm. Call 595-2151 for details.

*Jane McKenzie, soprano is in Mac 144 for a degree recital on March 3, at 8:00 pm.

*On March 6, **Potluck Music**, will appear on the stages of the Belfry; this will run every Monday evening. No reservations are needed. Show time is 8:00 pm. Ken Williams and folksinger Paddy Tutty are here opening night.

*McPherson continues with their free noontime concerts on Tuesdays. Show begins at 12:15 and March 7 brings Terry Sturge, cellist to the stage.

*Linda Gould, piano, Mac 144, March 8, 8:00 pm. Degree recital.

***Yin**, comes to the Belfry stag on March 2,3 and 4th. A celebration of woman. Tickets are $3.50, $3.00 for students and senior citizens. Call 385-6815 for reservations.

*At the McPherson Playhouse on March 3 opens **Same Time Next Year**, by Canadian playwright Bernard Slade. Tickets are available at Hillside and McPherson ticket Centers. Call 386-8301 for information. runs until March 18.

JON SHEARER AND BARBARA FISHER with innovative music at the Belfry.

VIKINGS

... from 13

lead to 18 points at the end of the half.

The Viking victory was definitely a team effort. Loos couldn't miss the hoop and chalked up 34 points, Higgins and Robbie Parris each contributed 17 points, all the players with the exception of Mickey Welder and Grant Boland hit the scoresheet and Dolcetti continually threatened the Dinosaurs on the boards.

The Vikings shot 51.8 per cent from the field compared to 39 per cent by the Dinosaurs and out-classed the Calgary club from the foul line. The Vikes went 25 of 34 while the Dinosaurs were limited to 12 of 16.

The Vikings head to Halifax for the national championships March 10-12.

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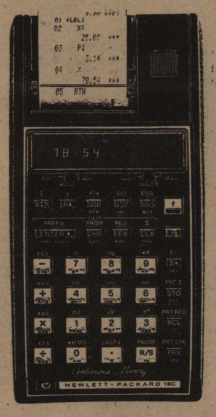

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ENTERTAINMENT

Alas, the movies

By RAY CANTARUTTI, Martlet Staff

This week it was supposed to be **Cinderella**. Not the **Rose and the Slipper**, Cinderella, but the seedy, sexual wench Cinderella. However, having seen many a lusty film I decided to forego the pleasure.

But to the point, there simply are not many good motion pictures playing in Victoria, and if you lack seniority on this paper, as I do, they send someone else to *The Turning Point*. Leaving poor me to *Saturday Night Fever, Confessions of A Summer Camp Counselor*, and *Telefon*. A quick check of the paper will show only *Coma, The Other Side of the Mountain, Part II*, and *Cinderella* remaining. That is unless you haven't in your darkest past gazed at the *Cheerleaders*. If only the RCMP knew the rotten carrots and mashed potatoes in everyone's Hollywood history.

The SUB Theatre has had the good sense to show *Casablanca, The Grapes of Wrath, The Turning of the Screw, Far From The Madding Crowd* and many more. It simply leaves one in awe of what can be done when the will for quality is present. Hopefully Bogart will return.

One word for the new Quadra Theatre: thanks for *Shane*. I am glad Allan Ladd rode into my valley in the spring of '78. And I see this theatre in the near future is going to offer *Wuthering Heights*. Having read the novel I suppose....besides it's supposed to be a classic.

And the picture houses downtown?

I don't know why the films are not rotated more often down there. Surely all the money that can be made from *Star Wars* has been made? It has been here only 26 weeks now. But of course you may not have seen the force's naive hero with his polyester girl. Then again you might be guilty of being one of those who has awakened 26 times 'a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away."

I have noticed *The Goodbye Girl, Looking For Mr. Goodbar*, and *Close Encounters* are also nearing the point of weariness. Must hurry to catch them. Only a little screen.

Now I am not complaining. Next week no doubt, I'll be reviewing *The Boys of Company C*. I can just imagine.

That is, of course, if I don't fine *Nashville* excellent. And I have. It will probably be as good as the first time. Then there's *The Importance of Being Ernest* at the SUB, which I understand is also quite good.

When you see a movie a week, week after week, you begin to realize one's options quickly fade. One becomes aware of the lack of quality in today's motion pictures. I realize the costs of producing a picture are high, but surely this doesn't mean the quality of the writers and the actors must be low. Some things must be safe from inflation. We are an affluent society living in a dynamic time, so why are we subjected to artistic and creative impotence. Have we become so mass educated and televised that mediocrity is idly acceptable?

It is unfortuante.

Of course, one can always catch a Bogart flick on the little screen.

SFU INTRAMURALS

...from 13

"Some of the scores were close while others were very lopsided (in favor of SFU)," said Brian Hawksworth, the event's coordinator. "But that's not to say we didn't have fun."

In talking of the ice hockey victory, Hawksworth termed UVic's goalie, Jeff Robertson, "superb" and also praised Ken Buna (three goals) and Jerome Lidster (three goals), both of UVic.

UVic lost the innertube water polo match by only one point, 10-9, while losing competitive volleyball two games to one.

SFU dominance was shown in floor hockey 7-0, squash, nine games to none, and in basketball where the home team walked over UVic 113-34 in 30 minutes of play.

Although both men's soccer teams lost to SFU (7-1 and 3-1), the women's soccer squad came up with a 2-2 tie.

Expenses at SFU and a social afterward were sponsored by Labatt's brewery.

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Mar. 8th 12:30 CLE 106

KEN MITCHELL will speak on the creation and presentation of his folk-opera CRUEL TEARS
10:30 a.m.
Cornett 108
ALL WELCOME
March 6th
(KEN MITCHELL is a well-known novelist, author of **Wandering Rafferty**. **Cruel Tears**, with music by HUMPHREY AND THE DUMP TRUCKS, has just completed a successful nation-wide tour.)

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THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST
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MORE SPICE....from the makers of **"Fritz The Cat"** directed by Ralph Bakshi
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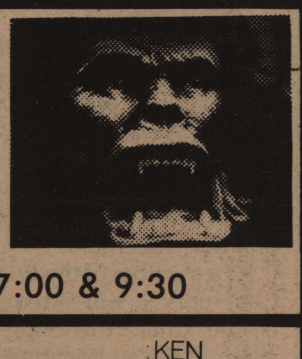
SAT., MARCH 4 - 7:00 & 9:30

KEN RUSSELL'S
THE MUSIC LOVERS
GLENDA JACKSON, RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN
SUN., MARCH 5 - 7:00 & 9:15

LINA WERTMULLER'S
ALL SCREWED UP
(ITALY 1974; ENG. SUBTITLES)
MON., MARCH 6 - 3:00, 7:00, 9:15

MARCEL CAMUS'
BLACK ORPHEUS
(BRAZIL 1958; ENG. SUBTITLES)
WED., MARCH 8 - 3:00, 7:00, 9:00

SUB THEATRE

LETTERS

The Martlet needs your feedback. We print virtually all the letters we receive—with the exception of libelous, obscene or illegible material. We also reserve the right, if we get more than four letters any given week on a particular subject, to print only a representative selection.

We appreciate it if letters are typed. You can use our typewriters if you wish. Generally letters should be kept to around 300 words.

Deadline for letters is 5 p.m. Monday.

Boggie plugs

Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to outline some of the reasons I am running for the Board of Governors, what I hope to do if I am elected, and why I feel I would be a good person for the job.

My position in this election, and my philosophy if I get elected can be summed up in four words: PUT THE STUDENTS FIRST. It is my opinion that the university exists, first and foremost, for the students who come to obtain an education here. All decisions affecting the university, in either academic or financial areas, should be made on the basis of this consideration. Some obvious failures to put the students first in the financial area, such as the reduction of the library budget and its subsequent effect on libra y hours at the same time as a substantial surplus in the overall operating budget, have prompted me to run for the Board of Governors.

As a member of the Board of Governors I will attempt to ensure that the long-term needs of the student body as a whole are reflected in the financial and policy decisions made by the Board.

What makes me qualified to be a student representative on the Board? First, having obtained by undergraduate degree here, I feel I have a good understanding of the general needs and problems of UVic students. Second, several years experience in the private sector have given me an appreciation of the complexities involved in running a large organization and the ability to utilize and critically appriase financial information. Finally, I feel that my current program of study in Public Administration has further developed my ability to analyze the possibilities and limitations of financial and policy decisions.

If you feel that my position and my qualifications would be useful for the Board of Governors, please vote for me; in any case, please vote! Thank you.

D.S. (Nick) Haazen, Candidate,
Board of Governors.

Capitalist vomit

Sir:

In a recent interview on the Capital Comment TV program, panelist Jim Hume attempted to show a similarity between the Socialist Party of Canada and the (sic) Communist Party. In studies on faulty logic this tactic is referred to as, "Character Assasination by Association".

Hume's tactic was compounded by coupling it with another question an then shifting to the latter before the former could be dealt with. I would like the opportunity to answer Hume now. In the, as yet unpublished HISTORY OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, the late Jim Milne, one time General Secretary of the Socialist Party of Canada, relates how in the 30's the (sic) Communist Party used to send their goons to beat up speakers of the Socialist Party of Canada. Today the (sic) Communist Party gives support to all manner of nationalistic movements—Quebec Libre, Kick Americans out of Canada, etc. and an endless list of reforms to Capitalism. None of which the Socialist Party of Canada has or will give one ounce of support to.

In a New York newsletter, produced by university academics, I discover that the (sic) Communist Party in Italy, as it comes close to power, is telling Italian workers that they must accept lower wages to that Italian capitalism can catch up to the rest of the world. Notwithstanding the unsoundness of such a position. It is, infact, high wages that induce capitalists to introduce more mechanization and automation—while the terms might vary slightly this is the message delivered, by capitalist politicans, to workers all over the world.

To paraphrase an old saying, if a lie is told often enough the lier himself begins to believe it. The scribes, in the past, have attributed the source of international friction to differing social economic systems. To the contrary, the Socialist Party of Canada has plenty of evidence that world business rivalries arise not from differences in social orders but from their similarities. They are, in fact, all capitalist. A fact that should be amply demonstrated by the friction between Russia and China and the business overtures to both by the United States.

Some people have complained, to me, of the low intellectual level of the interview. I cannot abdicate all responsibility in this, but in my own defense I must say how difficult it is when the questioners do not even get their interrogation to the level of TV commercials (mental age 14). I have had a higher level of questions from my high school audiences.

Larry Tickner, Candidate,
Socialist Party of Canada
Oak Bay election.

Liberals not dopes

Sir:

As a youth delegate to the recent national Liberal Convention I had the opportunity to become involved in the important debate on the resolutio dealing with decriminalization of marijuana. This resolution was overwhelmingly supported by the convention and is now a part of Liberal Party policy. However, the distortion of this resolution in the press may confuse the issue and lead to the government not acting on this resolution. For this reason I would like to clarify seveal points.

The resolution calls for removal from the Criminal Code of possession of small amounts of marijuana. It in no way leagalizes marijuana or supports marijuana usage but rather would remove the stigma of criminal records for individuals found possessing the drug. The existing marijuana laws in Canada are meant to be a deterent to drug usage but have proven to be inoperative and have lead to disrepute of our legal system. The reality is, marijuana users do not conceive themselves to be criminals. Other methods of reducing drug usage are still available to the government and can co-exist with decriminalization. I would call upon all concerned Canadians in support of decriminalization to write their Members of Parliament to demand prompt government action on this resolution.

Gordon Gunn
UVic Liberal Club.

Spaced out, not washed out

Sir:

I wish to take issue with the letter by John O'Groats in the Feb. 24th issue of the **Martlet**. What business have you filling up what could be a fine paper, an important organ of news and student concerns, with this tripe? Building new countries, indeed!

Mr. O'Groats (and the alias is pointless: **we** know who you are) has completely ignored the facts about human population growth and immigration. No matter how large an island one may get any countries to build, it could only receive a fraction of the unemployed of the world. He then proceeds to imagine they they would be allowed to experiment freely until they found some answer to the problem of unemployment. I'd like to know his address; does he live in Cloud-Cuckooland?

The future obviously lies in LaGrange space stations. One of the less-publicized long-range NASA projects, in the implementation of which the space-shuttle 'Enterprise' will be instrumental, is the construction of large manned space stations. The beauties of this scheme are that these LaGrange stations can be built more cheaply with materials from the Moon than from the Earth, thus reducing the forseeable drain on our planet's resources; that they will be placed in 'LaGrange points' in the lunar orbit, where the gravitational dynamics will hold an object of almost any size in place, so that the stations can be built to such a size as to contain vast, stable ecologies; and that, with the easily available lunar ores cheaply propelled to their position, they can carry on all sorts of industrial activities out in space, where they will be unable to damage any ecosystem. In space lies the future. In space, away from Earth, we can get something done.

754627

Scabbing students screwed

Sir:

Regarding Ben Webb's article in last week's **Martlet**; while the union's position against allowing students to work unless they are paid union rate may seem pretty hard line and anti-student, but look at it this way. If employers are allowed to hire 10 students at half the union rate, they aren't providing jobs for 10 students—they are exploiting them.

Paying students low wages for summer work and feeling holier than thou because a few jobs paying pittance have been provided is the same rationale used by the E & N Railroad when it hired Chinese laborers to work on the gangs at half the wages.

One of the worst offenders in this regard used to be the AMS. They hired students at minimum wage. The refused to pay holiday pay until a complaint was made to the labor relations board. They said, but we're providing jobs for students!

The minimum-wage student jobs do no damn good at all. They barely enable a student to get through the summer. They force students to take out massive student loans, which are crippling when you finally get out of school.

Fewer jobs with better wages would at least allow those who got the jobs to go back without having to become lost in debt.

Remember that some defended slavery by saying that at least the "niggers" got food and shelter and seemed pretty happy for it.

If you do the work, you should get paid the rate. It shouldn't matter if you are black, white, yellow, male, female, student or chartruse with polka dots.

Any arguement that more students are being helped through school is just so much crap.

Yours respectfully,
Greg Middleton

Sports ed kicked

Sir:

In addition to this letter, I have written a personal letter to the sports editor of this paper in connection with the many unpublished write-ups which I have submitted. The write-ups concern the UVic Women's soccer team and, I might add, are always submitted before 12:00 noon on Monday. Unnecessary details are omitted and I make a point to keep my articles concise. I fail to see any reaso why these short write-ups cannot be printed.

After all, the women's soccer team (now participating in an organized city league) has an outstanding record—an impressive nine shut-outs in 12 league starts, losing only one game and accumulating 40 goals for and only five against.

I hope in future that the editors of this newspaper will see fit to give a small, but deserved, amount of publicity to the Vikettes soccer team.

Yours truly,
Kathy Meredith

Sports editor's note:

I understand the time and effort you have put into supplying me with information on women's soccer and I regret that I have been unable to publish your recent submissions.

As I'm sure you can understand, I am under time and space restrictions and simply cannot print all the information I receive each week.

When I do have the space available for short articles I often have to contact the person who submitted the information for additional details, I would appreciate having a phone number where you can be reached if I need or want more information and I hope that in the coming weeks there will be space available for information on the women's soccer team.

Penny Freno-Link

(sc)
LH3
M3a

LETTERS

Exchange student shares

Looking back on the days I've been here since the beginning of the school year, I realize just how fast the time has gone. I attribute this impression to the fact that I am busy learning and accepting new principles of life, rather than to the simple observation that there are lots of cultural, social and political differences between Canada and Japan. It is no exaggeration to say that to meet the people of another country like Canada means a lot to me.

In Japan it is unusual for a student to change universities in the course of his university education. There they are expected to graduate after four years from entrance without any interval for working. Japanese companies work under similar principles involving life-long employment under a seniority system. In Japan, people are very group-conscious, liking similarity and conformity so much, that when they face conflict, they solve it at an emotional level and work it out smoothly and without physical violence.

From my observations of Canadian culture, I have begun to realize that there are many "human traffic" signals in Japan that direct, pattern and order nearly every facet of a person's life. Education, and cultural orientation are two of the more strictly patterned facets of the Japanese lifestyle.

In Canada people are highly individualistic and constantly question everything that is happening around them. When they face a problem, they solve it rationally through debate and bargaining. The Canadian society permits people to have high social mobility. It's common for students to change universities. Jobs and work locations change, which I believe is a reflection on the national character. I'm frequently amazed at the different conversational style of Canadians as compared to Japanese people. It is bouncy, spontaneous, full of jokes and possessed of an active sense of humor. If I am sensitive enough to perceive, at any moment, any experience as a dynamic challenge, I will be a richer individual as a result of that moment or experience which is so different to me. I believe each person can evaluate his everyday life in his own way. I'm proud and happy to say that I'm accomplishing this at the University of Victoria and enjoying myself doing it.

I'd like to thank the **Martlet** for this chance to express my feelings concerning my first few months here in Victoria.
Keiki Kimura

Educational paranoia

Editor:

The recent publication of the "School Facilities '77' report of the Greater Victoria School District 61 has aroused considerable concern among residents and students of the Greater Victoria area. The closure of neighborhood schools is not an issue confined to those attending the school, their parents or immediate family, but an issue equally important to all the residents of the area, be they students of the school, of other schools, colleges or universities, housewives, or members of the labor force or senior citizens.

A school is a reflection of a neighborhood and helps keep that neighborhood alive and vibrant. A school reinforces the "family" character of an area by attracting families and young couples. Close a school and parents with school-age children are deterred from moving into and "investing" in that area. Gradually as the children already resident in the area grow older and pass through the educational system the area becomes increasingly one of older working people and senior citizens.

This could result in numerous difficulties such as a city with pockets of people segregated by age. In essence ghettos based on age. Diversity is healthy and neighborhoods need diversity of age in order that all members of the community learn to live and function together with mutual respect.

The outward migration of school graduates is inevitably coupled with the sale of the family home as parents retire to smaller quarters. When a neighborhood school is closed the inward migration of young families is drastically curtailed having a detrimental impact on the property values of large family homes.

The shrinking population of youth in an area decreases their availability for odd jobs (gardening, newspaper delivery, baby sitting) so frequently needed by homeowners. Not only is it less convenient to bring labor in, but it does not encourage the healthy atmosphere of neighbor assisting neighbor.

Dropping enrolment appears to be the argument behind closing schools, but dropping enrolment should be an advantage to be grasped, not thrown away. It is an opportunity to improve the teacher/pupil ratio; supposedly one of the goals of the school board. There is a valid argument that a certain size is necessary in order for a certain programme to be provided and maintained. But equally important is the fact that large institutions often dehumanize and alienate people. A smaller community school results in easier communication with students and their being individuals rather than numbers lost in a "nameless sea".

Economics are supposedly not an issue as the District has not come up with any figures detailing possible savings to the public purse. It is suggested "that closures can be justified on grounds of "education merit", but this rather subtle suggestion that neighborhood schools are failing in educational terms has as little statistical reinforcement as does the economic argument for closing schools.

These schools are an integral part of our community and their closure will destroy the fabric of our neighborhood as it will effect the whole socio-economic stratification of our community. Remember it could be your indifference that kills these schools and **your** neighborhood. For Victoria's sake, get INVOLVED!
By David Finnis

OAK BAY BYELECTION

...from 5

a cocktail party prior to election day. Certainly there is a solid Conservative vote which will vote with the party regardless of its candidate. But many Wallace voters could vote some other way. I feel that the N.D.P.'s tally could double were many supporters to show their true colours. New Democrats voted, and in some cases worked, for Wallace as a way of ensuring that Oak Bay did not go Socred. The same thing can be said of the riding's many Liberals. And there are many more of them than the 350 or so who voted Liberal at the last election. Scott Wallace as much as had the open support of Gordon Gibson the last time 'round. One need only think of the long years of Liberal representation by Allan Cox and Alan Macfarlane, and the 6,700 votes which Cox received in 1969 when Wallace was first elected, to see that there is a potentially large Liberal vote. How many of Wallace's supporters would vote Socred is uncertain, but I would say only a few. There was a strong element of anti-Socred protest in the votes for Wallace.

The deciding factors influencing such voters will be, how pressing is the need to keep Social Credit out, how do they see Vic Stephens, and do they think the Liberal party is strong enough to take the riding again. The majority of Oak Bay electors are fundamentally anti-Socred, and have shown that by voting Conservative or Liberal in every election since the 1940's with the exception of 1969. If the desire to keep Social Credit out is strong, they will rally around whichever candidate they feel is the most likely to do that. The N.D.P. is **not** the party to whom most will turn. The party's support is there, but not in the numbers to make it significant. That leaves the Tories and Grits. Vic Stephens of course has the advantage as the immediate successor to Wallace. He will also benefit from the strong support which the Conservatives have at the federal level. He is, nonetheless, a parachuted candidate, unknown to the electorate and unfamilar with the territory. The Liberals will have to rely on a strong showing from Gordon Gibson, backed up by a persuasive effort from Ross-Smith. Ross-Smith has the advantage of being from the riding and seems like the stereotyped Oak Bay resident; an educated civil servant, comfortable, very middle-class.

Policy will not be the difference as much as style will be. Both Stephens and Gibson will be trying to show that a middle of the road option is viable and that they are it. Gibson will have the added disadvantage of having to convince people that the Liberals are sufficiently strong to attract former Wallace voters, and attract enough to beat Carson. If there is no strong anti-Socred feeling the opposition vote will likely be splintered, leaving Frank Carson in a very strong position.

The difficult thing for the pundits, the candidates and the voters themselves is in determining just how much anti-Socred support there is and who has the best chance of defeating Carson. As we get closer to election day that will become more obvious, but until then we can expect a large undecided vote, something which is already indicated in the polls. Much of that indecision comes from the fact that few are able to predict how the 5-10,000 new voters in Gordon Head will vote. If they are similar to their counterparts in Cadboro Bay and Oak Bay municipality, we can simply divide up their votes according to how we feel things are going in the older sections of the riding. The question, of course, is whether they are similar. The new Gordon Head subdivisions remind me much more of the suburbs of Delta, Richmond and Coquitlam, than the treed lanes and streets of south Oak Bay for example. Physical differences may be misleading, but if these voters are like those of the suburban Lower Mainland, we can expect much stronger support for the Socreds and New Democrats than that found in the older parts of the riding. Should a strong Socred showing develop in this area, I think there will be a tendency for people in the southern part of the constituency to lean towards the Conservatives. If there is a strong N.D.P. showing, Conservative and Liberal voters may feel that with one ex-Tory and four ex-Liberals in the cabinet, the Socreds aren't all that bad. Oak Bay voters are probably more anti-N.D.P. than they are anti-Socred.

Whatever way this campaign goes, the Socreds are going to be running strongly. It is highly unlikely that Frank Carson is going to lose many of the 8200 votes he received in the last election. He will certainly benefit from any shift away from the Conservatives. A fifteen percent shift to any of the other parties would likely make him the front runner. The Gordon Head vote will probably also prove to be fertile ground for his workers.

This analysis has all been rather inconclusive and intentionally so. Until the candidates begin their campaigns, until we have a chance to hear and see them, and assess their various strengths, the undecided voter, and I count myself among them, will be the most numerous and crucial electors. The wise candidate will go out after the undecided vote.

The most commonly heard pitches will be of the kind, "we don't need another Socred", "what B.C. needs is a strong third alternative", and "Oak Bay is not going to make an important difference in the present standings, why not vote your conscience?" How successful such approaches will be is uncertain.

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Donna Livingstone is our editor for next year. She starts April 14.

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